THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

748

DR. WILL. BROOME.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

. . . . Nos otia vitæ
Solamur Cantu. STAT.

I have furniſhed out the table according to my beſt abilities; if not with a ſplendid elegance, yet at leaſt with an innocent variety.----Whatever be the fate of theſe Works they have proved of uſe to me. PREFACE.

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs! to gentler ſcenes,
To ſhady bow'rs and never-fading greens,
Where the ſhrill trumpet never ſounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard nor claſh of arms——
Here grant me, Heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields——
With age unknown to pain or ſorrow bleſt,
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame
Diſſolving, turns to aſhes, whence it came.
POEM ON SEAT OF WAR.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

CONTAINING HIS

PREFACES, PASTORALS,
MISCELLANIES, ODES,
EPISTLES, IMITATIONS,
PARAPHRASES, TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Free from the luſt of wealth and glitt'ring ſnares
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement pleaſe,
A ſilent happineſs and learned eaſe.
Deny me grandeur, Heav'n! but goodneſs grant:
A king is leſs illuſtrious than a ſaint——
O Heav'n! by what vain paſſions man is ſway'd!
Proud of his reaſon, by his will betray'd,
Boldly he wanders in purſuit of vice,
And hates confinement tho' in Paradiſe!
Doom'd when enlarg'd inſtead of Eden's bow'rs
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:
Between th' extremes direct he ſees the way,
Yet wilful ſwerves, perverſely fond to ſtray.

EPIST. TO MR. FENTON.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

THE LIFE OF

Dr. WILLIAM BROOME.

William Broome, Author of the following Poems, is ſaid to have been born in Cheſhire, of mean parentage. Of his more early years little is known, further than that he was educated at Eaton; and that from his propenſity to poetry his acquaintances familiarly called him Poet. He was concerned in the proſe tranſlation of The Iliads with Ozel and Oldiſworth.

After this tranſlation, now little read and known, which yet in Toland's opinion was not deſpicable, Mr. Broome was introduced, at Sir John Cotton's at Madingly in Cambridgeſhire, to the acquaintance of Mr. Pope, who engaged him in ſelecting Notes for The Iliads from Euſtathius, *&c.* Notes were abſolutely neceſſary to ſwell the work, ſince the ſix volumes (of which The Iliads were to conſiſt) would have been very little more than ſix pamphlets without them.

The ſale of The Iliad being rapid, it was followed by a verſion of The Odyſſey, the joint labour of Pope, Fenton, and Broome. Pope tranſlated twelve books, and Fenton and Broome, his coadjutors, the other

twelve*. The ſecond, ſixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, ſixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty third books, together with all the Notes, fell to the ſhare of Broome. Fenton's books were the firſt, the fourth, the nineteenth, and twentieth: he had formerly tranſlated the eleventh into blank verſe, but neither Pope nor he took it, committing it to Broome†. Theſe aſſociates performed their parts to admiration, the readers of poetry having never been able to diſtinguiſh their books from thoſe of Pope.

It has always been known that this verſion was not wholly Pope's. In the patent he does not ſay that *he* had tranſlated The Odyſſey as he ſaid of The Iliad, but that he had *undertaken* a tranſlation; and in the propoſals for the Work the profits ariſing from the ſubſcription are ſaid to be not ſolely for his own uſe, but for that of two of his friends who had aſſiſted him in the tranſlation, *&c.* Broome, in a note ſubjoined to the end of the work, gives ſome account of their different parts, which mentions five books only as tranſlated by himſelf and Fenton, which account is

* Ruffhead relates that Fenton and Broome had already begun The Odyſſey, but that Pope liked better to have them confederates than rivals.

† The original copy of Pope's and Fenton's books are in the Muſeum.---Fenton's books have few alterations by Pope. Broome's have not been found; but it is ſaid Pope complained of the trouble he had in correcting them.

ſuſpected to contain only part of the truth. His words are; "If my performance has merit either in theſe "(the Remarks on The Odyſſey) or in my part of "the tranſlation, namely, the ſixth, eleventh, and "eighteenth books, it is but juſt to attribute it to the "judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whoſe hand "every ſheet was corrected. His other and much "more able aſſiſtant was Mr Fenton, in the fourth "and the twentieth books. It was our particular re-"queſt that our ſeveral parts might not be made "known to the world till the end of it; and if they "have had the good fortune not to be diſtinguiſhed "from his, we ought to be the leſs vain, ſince the re-"ſemblance proceeds much leſs from our diligence "and ſtudy to copy his manner, than from his own "daily reviſal and correction." It is certain that Pope however, in an advertiſement afterwards pre-fixed to a new volume of his Poems, claimed only twelve books.

It is ſaid that Pope acquired this aſſiſtance at the expenſe of 300*l.* to Fenton, and 500*l.* to Broome, with ſome copies to his friends, which amounted to 100*l.* more. The premium to Fenton is not certain-ly known; that to Broome is ſpoke out by Pope in a note on Dunciad III. ver. 331, in theſe words; "Whoever imagines this a ſarcaſm on the other in-"genious perſon (Mr. Broome) is ſurely miſtaken:

"the opinion our Author had of him was ſufficiently "ſhewn by his joining him in the undertaking of "The Odyſſey, in which Mr Broome, having enga-"ged without any previous agreement, diſcharged "his part ſo much to Mr. Pope's ſatisfaction, that "he gratified him with the full ſum of 500 *l.* and "a preſent of all the books for which his own inte-"reſt could procure him ſubſcribers, to the value of "100 *l.* more. The Author only ſeems to lament "that he was employed in tranſlations." Pope's treatment of Broome appears ſomewhat capricious. If Fenton's four books deſerved 300 *l.* Broome's eight, with all the Notes*, equivalent at leaſt to other four books, certainly entitled him to more than 600 *l.* But Pope, as obſerved by Mr. Allen, was always a bad accountant; in which light Broome alſo ſeems to have conſidered him, for he always ſpoke of Pope as being too much attached to money; a freedom which the iraſcible bard could neither forgive nor forget, ſince he mentions him with ſome diſreſpect in The Dunciad.

* The Notes were written wholly by Dr. Broome. "If," ſays he, "my credit ſhould fail as a poet, I may have recourſe "to my Remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my in-"duſtry as the Annotator *in part* upon The Iliad, and *entirely* "upon The Odyſſey." *Broome's Pref.*

Mr. Broome was ſome time Rector of Sturſton in Suffolk, during which he married an opulent widow. He afterwards became Doctor of Laws; and in the 1733 was preſented by the Crown to the Rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, which he held jointly with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by Lord Cornwallis, to whom he officiated as Chaplain, and who afterwards added the Vicarage of Eye in Suffolk. He reſigned Pulham in Norfolk, and retained the two in Suffolk. In theſe retirements he ſeems to have wrote moſt of his occaſional Poems, as hinted in the Preface in theſe words; "Whatever be the fate of theſe "Works they have proved of uſe to me, and been "an agreeable amuſement in a conſtant ſolitude. "Providence has been pleaſed to lead me out of the "great roads of life into a private path, where though "we have leiſure to chuſe the ſmootheſt way, yet "we are all ſure to meet many obſtacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, "and ſupport from the fatigues of it." He courted the Muſes till the cloſe of his life, amuſing his vacant hours in tranſlations from Anacreon, which were publiſhed in The Gentleman's Magazine under the name of Cheſter.

Mr. Broome died at Bath on the 16th of November 1745, and his remains were depoſited in the Abbey-church of that city.

If Broome was not a great poet, he was at least an excellent versifier, and had such command of words and numbers as thoroughly fitted him for translation. Of this Pope's enemies were so well convinced, that they considered Broome's assistance in The Odyssey as so highly important to Pope, that Henley attacked him with this ludicrous distich;

> "Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
> "Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LD. VIS. TOWNSHEND,

Late one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

I Beg leave to publish the following Poems under your patronage; a present I confess unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: but I fear it may be esteemed a boast rather than an acknowledgement, or at best an ostentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the highest obligations from the Lord Townshend. It is an honour to be regarded by a person of so distinguished a character: I am proud of it, and not being of a nature to be content with a silent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miscalled Vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happiness to enjoy what that great statesman Walsingham, who held the same office which you fill with so much honour, frequently wished, but never obtained; a retirement from business in the declension of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity. This last action speaks you truly great; for that person who, by a voluntary retreat,

could induſtriouſly renounce all the grandeur of the world muſt evidently have a ſoul above it.

Tully in his Tuſculum was never more happy than the Lord Townſhend in his Rainham;

"   ————Where, majeſtically plain,
" Pure Nature reigns; where vary'd views from views
" Diffuſive proſpects yield *; here ſhagg'd with woods,
" Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks;
" And all the gay horizon ſmiles around
" Full of thy genius! Lo! between yon' groves
" The dome with eaſy grandeur, like the ſoul
" Of its great maſter, riſing overlooks
" The ſubject regions, and commands the charms
" Of many a pleaſing landſcape, to the eye
" Delightful change! Here groves of loftieſt ſhade
" Wave their proud tops, and form of ſtatelieſt view
" A ſylvan theatre! while Nature's hand
" Pours forth profuſe o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
" Her choiſeſt bleſſings. See! where yonder lake
" Spreads its wide liquid plain, now ſtands unmov'd
" Pure as th' expanſe of heav'n, and heav'n reflects
" From its broad-glitt'ring mirror, now with waves
" Curl'd gently by the breeze ſalutes the flow'rs
" That grace its banks; in ſtate the ſnowy ſwans
" Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume
" Innum'rous, native or exotick, cleave
" The dancing wave! while o'er th' adjoining lawns
" Obverted to the ſouthern ſuns the deer
" Wide-ſpreading graze, or ſtarting bound away
" In crowds, then turning, ſilent ſtand and gaze!
" Such are thy beauties, Rainham! ſuch the haunts
" Of angels in primeval guiltleſs days,
" When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

* See Mr. Thomſon's excellent poems.

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly. No part of your life lies heavy upon you: there is no uneafy vacancy in it: it is all filled up with ftudy, exercife, or polite amufement. Here you fhine in the moft agreeable though not moft ftrong and dazzling light. In your publick ftation you commanded admiration and honour; in your private you attract love and efteem. The nobler parts of your life will be the fubject of the hiftorian, and the actions of the great ftatefman and patriot will adorn many pages of our future annals; but the affectionate father, the indulgent mafter, the condefcending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be defcribed by thofe who have the pleafure and happinefs to fee you act in all thofe relations. I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character, but am fenfible that no portion of your time is fo ill fpent as in reading what I write; I will therefore only beg the honour to fubfcribe myfelf,

MY LORD,

Your Lordfhip's moft obliged

and moft obedient fervant,

Pulham in Norfolk,
1739.

WILLIAM BROOME.

PREFACE.

I AM very ſenſible that many hard circumſtances attend all authors: if they write ill they are ſure to be uſed with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themſelves with the ſentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit tear the tree that bore it. I muſt confeſs that mere idleneſs induced me to write, and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men to publiſh. I am not ſo vain as not to think there are many faults in the enſuing Poems; all human works muſt fall ſhort of perfection, and therefore to acknowledge it is no humility: however, I am not like thoſe authors who, out of a falſe modeſty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world ſhould believe them. I will not add hypocriſy to my other faults, or act ſo abſurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating. I have furniſhed out the table according to my beſt abilities; if not with a ſplendid elegance, yet at leaſt with an innocent variety.

But ſince this is the laſt time that I ſhall ever perhaps trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to ſpeak ſomething, not as a poet, but a critick, that if my credit ſhould fail as a poet I may have recourſe to my Remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my

industry as the Annotator in part upon The Iliad, and entirely upon The Odyssey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon Criticism in general, a study very necessary, but fallen into contempt through the abuse of it. At the restoration of learning it was particularly necessary; authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the ignorance and barbarism of preceding ages; it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a critical hand, and restored to their original purity. In this consists the office of criticks; but instead of making copies agreeable to the manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures, and from this license arise most of the various readings, the burthens of modern editions; whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varnished, but not a feature is to be altered; and every stroke that is thus added destroys in some degree the resemblance, and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal person, the creature of the Editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule does not correct but corrupt his author; and therefore since most books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism: it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a syllable, or the trans-

poſition of a phraſe, when the preſent reading is ſufficiently intelligible. Theſe learned triflers are mere weeders of an author; they collect the weeds for their own uſe, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully publiſhed, to turn our thoughts from the words to the ſentiments, and make them more eaſy and intelligible. A ſkill in verbal criticiſm is in reality but a ſkill in gueſſing, and conſequently he is the beſt critick who gueſſes beſt: a mighty attainment! and yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration uſhered into the world! Such writers are like Caligula *, who raiſed a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-ſhells. In ſhort, the queſtion is not what the author might have ſaid, but what he has actually ſaid: it is not whether a different word will agree with the ſenſe and turn of the period, but whether it was uſed by the author: if it was it has a good title ſtill to maintain its poſt, and the authority of the manuſcript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a Modern be a better judge of the language of the pureſt of the Ancients than thoſe Ancients who wrote it in the greateſt purity? or if

* Poſtremo, quaſi perpetraturus bellum directa acie in littore Oceani, ac baliſtis machiniſque diſpoſitis, nemine gnaro ac opinante quidnam cœpturus eſſet, repente ut Conchas legerent, galeaſque et ſinus replerent, imperavit; et indicium victoriæ altiſſimam turrem excitavit. *Suetonius.*

he could, was ever any author ſo happy as always to chuſe the moſt proper word? Experience ſhews the impoſſibility. Beſides, of what uſe is verbal criticiſm when once we have a faithful edition? it embaraſſes the reader inſtead of giving new light, and hinders his proficiency by engroſſing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor; it increaſes the expenſe of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for abſurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown ſo voluminous, that we begin to value the firſt editions of books as moſt correct, becauſe leaſt corrected.

Of partial Criticks.

There are other criticks who think themſelves obliged to ſee no imperfections in their author. From the moment they undertake his cauſe they look upon him as a lover upon his miſtreſs; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties! This indeed is a well-natured errour, but ſtill blameable, becauſe it miſguides the judgment. Such criticks act no leſs erroneouſly than a judge who ſhould reſolve to acquit a perſon whether innocent or guilty who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critick to praiſe the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, ſolely from the impreſſion of the name, and not from the intrinſick value: the copper of a favourite writer ſhall be more eſteemed than the fineſt gold of

a lefs acceptable author. For this reafon many perfons have chofen to publifh their works without a name; and by this method, like Apelles, who ftood unfeen behind his own Venus, have received a praife which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been vifible.

Of envious and malicious Criticks.

But there are other criticks who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raife a reputation by difpraifing every thing that other men praife: they have an antipathy to a fhining character, like fome animals that hate the fun only becaufe of its brightnefs. It is a crime with them to excel: they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who feeing a perfon of diftinguifhed qualifications immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain juft fo much merit as they deftroy in their adverfary. I never look into one of thefe criticks but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant confifts in the number of the limbs of men whom he has deftroyed, that of the critick in viewing

——" Disjecti membra Poetæ." HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praife, he does it that his enfuing blame may fall with the greater weight: he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the Ancients thofe victims which they were ready to facrifice: he ftudies criticifm as if it extended only to

dispraise; a practice which when most successful is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which when executed by the most masterly hand strike the beholder with most horrour. It is usual with envious criticks to attack the writings of others because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them to those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil *, to join a dead carcass to a living body; and the only effect of it to fill every well-natured mind with detestation. Their malice becomes impotent, and contrary to their design they give a testimony of their enemy's merit, and shew him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him. Such criticks are like dead coals, they may blacken, but cannot burn. These writers bring to my memory a passage in The Iliad where all the inferiour powers, the *plebs superûm*, or rabble of the sky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth; but by the attempt they only betray their own inability: Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

* Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora
Tormenti genus!——— *Virg. Æn.* viii. 485.

Modesty is essential to true criticism: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critick ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence; that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn, them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations. If the authors be alive the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation. We ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for truth, not victory. And yet the envious critick is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a publick spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels. But what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noise of a day purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity. Writers may be told of their errours, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy. Boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critick all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adverſary's dulneſs and his own acuteneſs, yet as long as there is virtue in the world modeſt dulneſs will be preferable to learned arrogance. Dulneſs may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime: and where is the mighty advantage if while he diſcovers more learning he is found to have leſs virtue than his adverſary? and though he be a better critick, yet proves himſelf to be a worſe man? Beſides, no one is to be envied the ſkill in finding ſuch faults as others are ſo dull as to miſtake for beauties: what advantage is ſuch a quick-ſightedneſs even to the poſſeſſors of it? it makes them difficult to be pleaſed, and gives them pain while others receive a pleaſure. They reſemble the ſecond-ſighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to ſee more than other perſons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege is to diſcover objects of horrour, ghoſts and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reaſon to enlarge the argument for candour in criticiſm through a conſciouſneſs of my own deficiency. I have in reality been pleading my own cauſe, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find ſo much mercy from my judges as to be condemned to ſuffer without inhumanity. But whatever be the fate of theſe Works they have proved of uſe to me, and been an agreeable amuſement in a conſtant ſolitude.

Providence has been pleafed to lead me out of the great roads of life into a private path, where though we have leifure to chufe the fmootheft way, yet we are all fure to meet many obftacles in the journey. I have found poetry an innocent companion and fupport from the fatigues of it: how long or how fhort the future ftages of it are to be, as it is uncertain fo it is a folly to be over folicitous about it. He that lives the longeft has but the fmall privilege of creeping more leifurely than others to his grave. What we call living is in reality but a longer time of dying; and if thefe Verfes prove as fhort-lived as their Author it is a lofs not worth regretting: they only die as they were born, in obfcurity.

MISCELLANIES.

A POEM

ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

CHIEFLY WITH RELATION TO THE SIEGES:

With the Praiſe of Peace and Retirement.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

Humbly inſcribed to John Holt, Eſq. of Redgrave-Hall in Suffolk.

Seceſſus mei non deſidiæ nomen, ſed tranquillitatis accipiant. PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria! on whoſe fertile plains
In wanton pride luxurious Plenty reigns;
Happy had Heav'n beſtow'd one bleſſing more,
And plac'd thee diſtant from the Gallick power:
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to ſubdue:
War, horrid War! the ſylvan ſcene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland ſhades.
Here ſhatter'd tow'rs, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;
There palaces and hallow'd domes diſplay
Majeſtick ruins awful in decay!

The very duſt, tho' undiſtinguiſh'd trod,
Compos'd perhaps ſome hero great and good,
Who nobly for his country loſt his blood.
Ev'n with the grave the haughty ſpoilers war,
And Death's dark manſions wide diſcloſe to air;
O'er kings and ſaints inſulting ſtalk, nor dread
To ſpurn the aſhes of the glorious dead.
  See the Britannick Lions wave in air!
See mighty Marlb'rough breathing death and war!
From Albion's ſhores at Anna's high commands
The dauntleſs hero pours his martial bands;
As when in wrath ſtern Mars the Thund'rer ſends
To ſcourge his foes, in pomp the god deſcends,
He mounts his iron car, with fury burns,
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns;
Gloomy he graſps his adamantine ſhield,
And ſcatters armies o'er th' enſanguin'd field:
With delegated wrath thus Marlb'rough glows,
In vengeance ruſhing on his country's foes.
See round the hoſtile tow'rs embattled ſtands
His banner'd hoſt, embody'd bands by bands!
Hark! the ſhrill trumpet ſends a mortal ſound,
And prancing horſes ſhake the ſolid ground;
The ſurly drums beat terrible afar
With all the dreadful muſick of the war;
From the drawn ſwords effulgent flames ariſe,
Flaſh o'er the plains and lighten to the ſkies;

The heav'ns above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and ſhine with death;
In fiery ſtorms deſcends a murd'rous ſhow'r,
Thick flaſh the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar:
As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hiſſing from above,
Thro' the ſing'd air with unreſiſted ſway
The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
And while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial tow'rs;
So ruſh the globes with many a fiery round,
Tear up the rock, or rend the ſtedfaſt mound;
Death ſhakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
Mountains of heroes ſlain deform the ground,
The ſhape of man half bury'd in the wound.
And lo! while in the ſhock of war they cloſe,
While ſwords meet ſwords and foes encounter foes,
The treach'rous earth beneath their footſteps cleaves,
Her entrails tremble, and her boſom heaves;
Sudden in burſts of fire eruptions riſe,
And whirl the torn battalions to the ſkies.
Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thund'ring [found,
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are toſt into the ſky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.
See, thro' th' incumber'd air the pond'rous bomb
Bears magazines of death within its womb!

The glowing orb diſplays a blazing train,
And darts bright horrour thro' th' ethereal plain;
It mounts tempeſt'ous, and with hideous ſound *
Wheels down the heav'ns and thunders o'er the ground!
The impriſon'd deaths ruſh dreadful in a blaze,
And mow a thouſand lives a thouſand ways;
Earth floats with blood, while ſpreading flames ariſe †
From palaces and domes, and kindle half the ſkies.
Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And ſhoot malignant gleams from pole to pole:
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
Shake the blue plague, the peſtilence, and war.
But who is he who ſtern beſtrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of ſlain,
Serene while engines from the hoſtile tow'r
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron ſhow'r,
While turbid fiery ſmoke obſcures the day
Hews thro' the deathful breach his deſp'rate way?
Sure Jove deſcending joins the martial toil!
Or is it Marlb'rough or the great Argyle?
Thus when the Grecians, furious to deſtroy,
Levell'd the ſtructures of imperial Troy,

VARIATIONS.

* Ev'n the ſtern ſouls of heroes feel diſmay,
Proud temples nod, aſpiring towers give way;
Dreadful it mounts, tempeſt'ous in its flight;
It ſinks, it falls; earth groans beneath its weight!
Th' impriſon'd deaths ruſh out in ſmoke and fire;
The mighty bleed; heaps cruſh'd on heaps expire!
† The barriers burſt, wide-ſpreading flames ariſe.

Here angry Neptune * hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmoſt baſe;
Tho' brave, yet vanquiſh'd ſhe confeſs'd the odds:
Her ſons were heroes, but they fought with gods.
Ah! what new horrours riſe? in deep array
The ſquadrons form; aloft the ſtandards play;
The captains draw the ſword; on ev'ry brow
Determin'd Valour lours; the trumpets blow.
See, the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Thro' the hard entrails of the ſtubborn mound,
And undiſmay'd by death the foe invades
Thro' dreadful horrours of infernal ſhades!
In vain the wall's broad baſe deep-rooted lies;
In vain an hundred turrets threat the ſkies!
Lo! while at eaſe the bands immur'd repoſe,
Nor careleſs dream of ſubterranean foes,
Like the Cadmæan hoſt, embattled ſwarms
Start from the earth, and claſh their ſounding arms,
And pouring war and ſlaughter from beneath,
Wrap tow'rs, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death!
So ſome fam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of op'ning earth, ingulf'd with all his waves:
High o'er the latent ſtream the ſhepherd feeds
His wand'ring flock, and tunes the ſprightly reeds,
Till from ſome rifted chaſm the billows riſe,
And foaming burſt tumultuous to the ſkies;

* Neptunus muros, magnoq; emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, &c. *Virg. Æn.*

Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.
Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs! to gentler ſcenes,
To ſhady bow'rs and never-fading-greens,
Where the ſhrill trumpet never ſounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard nor claſh of arms.
Hail, ye ſoft Seats! ye limpid Springs and Floods!
Ye flow'ry Meads! ye Vales! and mazy Woods!
Ye limpid Floods! that ev'r murm'ring flow,
Ye verdant Meads! where flow'rs eternal blow,
Ye ſhady Vales! where zephirs ever play,
Ye Woods! where little warblers tune their lay.
Here grant me, Heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feaſt of death:
With age unknown to pain or ſorrow bleſt,
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame
Diſſolving, turns to aſhes, whence it came;
While my freed ſoul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.
Ye gloomy Grots! ye awful ſolemn Cells!
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from ſplendid cares and tireſome ſtate,
That pompous miſery of being great!

Happy if by the wiſe and learn'd belov'd,
But happieſt above all if ſelf-approv'd!
Content with eaſe, ambitious to deſpiſe
Illuſtrious vanity and glorious vice!
Come thou, chaſte Maid! here ever let me ſtray,
While the calm hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the Muſes, while the ſun on high
Flames in the vault of heav'n and fires the ſky;
Or while the night's dark wings this globe ſurround,
And the pale moon begins her ſolemn round,
Bid my free ſoul to ſtarry orbs repair,
Thoſe radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confuſion ſtray
Oblique, direct, along th' aerial way;
Or when Aurora from her golden bow'rs
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
Reclin'd in ſilence on a moſſy bed
Conſult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in deſcription view,
Live o'er paſt times, and build whole worlds anew;
Or from the burſting tombs in fancy raiſe
The ſons of Fame who liv'd in ancient days.
And lo! with haughty ſtalk the warriour treads!
Stern legiſlators frowning lift their heads!
I ſee proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, ſeam'd with glorious ſcars!
Or liſten till the raptur'd ſoul takes wings,
While Plato reaſons or while Homer ſings.

Charm me, ye Sacred Leaves *! with loftier themes,
With op'ning heav'ns, and angels rob'd in flames.
Ye reſtleſs Paſſions! while I read be aw'd.
Hail, ye myſterious Oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant Time began,
How the duſt mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
Court the ſoft breeze or range the ſpicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to ſlumb'ring prophets giv'n,
Or gaze on viſions from the throne of heav'n.
But nobler yet, far nobler ſcenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the foreſts dance?
Why flaſhes glory from the golden ſpheres?
Rejoice, O Earth! a God! a God appears!
A God! a God! deſcending angels ſing,
And mighty ſeraphs ſhout, Behold your King!
Hail, Virgin-born! lift, lift ye Blind! your eyes;
Sing, O ye Dumb! and, O ye Dead! ariſe;
Tremble, ye Gates of hell! in nobleſt ſtrains
Tell it aloud, ye Heav'ns! the Saviour reigns!
Thus lonely thoughtful may I run the race
Of tranſient life in no unuſeful eaſe!
Enjoy each hour, nor as it fleets away
Think life too ſhort, and yet too long the day;
Of right obſervant, while the ſoul attends
Each duty, and makes heav'n and angels friends.

* The Holy Scriptures.

And thou, fair Peace! from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear.
Tell me, ye Victors! what ſtrange charms ye find
In conqueſt, that deſtruction of mankind?
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow
That never flouriſh but in human woe,
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears
Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphans' tears!
  Let Ganges from afar to ſlaughter train
His ſable warriours on the embattled plain;
Let Volga's ſons in iron ſquadrons riſe,
And pour in millions from her frozen ſkies;
Thou, gentle Thames! flow thou in peaceful ſtreams;
Bid thy bold ſons reſtrain their martial flames:
In thy own laurels' ſhade, great Marlb'rough! ſtay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away.
Guardian of England! born to ſcourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repoſe.
Sink down, ye Hills! eternal Rocks ſubſide!
Vaniſh, ye Forts! thou, Ocean! drain thy tide;
We ſafety boaſt defended by thy fame
And armies—in the terrour of thy name!
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade;
War, be thou chain'd! ye Streams of Blood, be ſtay'd!
Tho' wild Ambition her juſt vengeance feels,
She wars to ſave, and where ſhe ſtrikes ſhe heals.
  So Pallas with her jav'lin ſmote the ground,
And peaceful olives flouriſh'd from the wound.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LADY AND HER LOOKING-GLASS

While she had the Greensickness.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear cryftal of her Glafs;
The lighting from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the rofes dead.
Then thus Ophelia with a frown—
"Art thou, falfe Thing! perfidious grown?
"I never could have thought, I fwear,
"To find fo great a fland'rer there.
"Falfe Thing! thy malice I defy;
"Beaux vow I 'm fair—who never lie.
"More brittle far than brittle thou
"Would ev'ry grace of woman grow
"If charms fo great fo foon decay,
"The bright poffeffion of a day!
"But this I know, and this declare,
"That thou art falfe, and I am fair."
The Glafs was vex'd to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:
"No more to me of falfehood talk,
"But leave your oatmeal and your chalk.
"'Tis true you 're meagre, pale, and wan;
"The reafon is you 're fick for man."—

While yet it ſpoke Ophelia frown'd,
And daſh'd th' offender to the ground:
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glitt'ring ruin ſpread;
When lo! the parts pale looks diſcloſe;
Pale looks in ev'ry fragment roſe:
Around the room inſtead of one
An hundred pale Ophelias ſhone.
Away the frighted virgin flew,
And humbled, from herſelf withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye Beaux! who tempt the fair and young
With ſnuff and nonſenſe, dance and ſong;
Ye Men of compliment and lace!
Behold this image in the Glaſs;
The wondrous force of flatt'ry prove
To cheat fond virgins into love:
Tho' pale the cheek, yet ſwear it glows
With the vermilion of the roſe:
Praiſe them—for praiſe is always true,
Tho' with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies,
But the falſe ſex is caught with lies.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas ſung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verſes tame a lion,
And by his ſtrange enchanting tunes
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons.

His ſongs could call the timber down,
And form it into houſe or town;
But it is plain that in theſe times
No houſe is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themſelves can only rear
A few wild caſtles in the air:
Poor are the brethren of the bays
Down from high ſtrains to ekes and ayes.
The Muſes too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.
Yet ſtill the doting rhymer dreams,
And ſings of Helicon's bright ſtreams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninſpiring water.
Yet ev'n athirſt he ſweetly ſings
Of nectar and Elyſian ſprings.
What dire malignant planet ſheds,
Ye Bards! his influence on your heads?
Lawyers by endleſs controverſies
Conſume unthinking clients' purſes;
As Pharaoh's kine, which ſtrange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.
The grave phyſician, who by phyſick,
Like Death, diſpatches him that is ſick,
Purſues a ſure and thriving trade;
Tho' patients die the doctor 's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts the gallows.

In ſhady groves the Muſes ſtray,
And love in flow'ry meads to play;
An idle crew! whoſe only trade is
To ſhine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dreſſing, dancing, toying, ſinging,
While wiſer Pallas thrives by ſpinning:
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their vot'ries but a laurel wreath.
But Love rewards the bard; the fair
Attend his ſong and eaſe his care.
Alas! fond Youth! your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, tho' a Virgil.
Could you like Phœbus ſing, in vain
You nobly ſwell the lofty ſtrain:
Coy Daphne flies; and you will find as
Hard hearts as her's in your Belindas.
But then ſome ſay you purchaſe fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a Name:
Great recompenſe! like his who ſells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought ſufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?
Thus the brave ſoldier in the wars
Gets empty praiſe and aking ſcars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
And ſtarv'd the glorious vagrant begs.

THE COMPLAINT.

CÆLIA TO DAMON.

I Who was once the glory of the plain,
The faireſt virgin of the virgin train,
Am now (by thee, O faithleſs Man! betray'd)
A fall'n, a loſt, a miſerable maid!
Ye Winds! that witneſs to my deep deſpair,
Receive my ſighs, and waft them thro' the air,
And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
Curſs'd, ever curſs'd, be that unlucky day
When trembling, ſighing, at my feet he lay!
I trembled, ſigh'd, and look'd my heart away.
Why was he form'd, ye Pow'rs! his ſex's pride,
Too falſe to love, too fair to be deny'd?
Ye heedleſs Virgins! gaze not on his eyes;
Lovely they are, but ſhe that gazes dies!
O fly his voice, be deaf to all he ſays!
Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
At ev'ry word, each motion of his eye,
A thouſand loves are born, a thouſand lovers die.
Say, gentle Youths! ye bleſs'd Arcadian ſwains,
Inhabitants of theſe delightful plains,
Say by what fountain, in what roſy bow'r,
Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour?
To you, dear Fugitive! where'er you ſtray,
Wild with deſpair, impatient of delay,

Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or fend my foul ftill fwifter in a figh!
I 'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears:
Fearlefs I 'd pafs where Defolation reigns,
Tread the wild wafte, or burning Libyan plains;
Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the fkies!
Should all the monfters in Getulia bred
Oppofe the paffage of a tender maid,
Dauntlefs if Damon calls his Cælia fpeeds
Thro' all the monfters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love infpir'd I 'll teach the fhaft to fly;
For thee I 'd conquer, or at leaft would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucafus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlafting fnow,
Where thro' the freezing fkies in ftorms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with fhining fhow'rs;
Ev'n there with you I could fecurely reft,
And dare all cold but in my Damon's breaft.
Or fhould you dwell beneath the fultry ray
Where rifing Phœbus ufhers in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou, Sun! exert thy fires;
Love, mighty Love! a fiercer flame infpires.
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's ftreams in foft meanders flows,

I 'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I 'll pay
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft meanders play.
Joy of my ſoul! my ev'ry wiſh in one!
Why muſt I love, when loving I 'm undone?
Sweet are the whiſpers of the waving trees
And murm'ring waters curling to the breeze;
Sweet are ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bow'rs
When glowing ſuns infeſt the ſultry hours:
But not the whiſpers of the waving trees,
Nor murm'ring waters curling to the breeze;
Not ſweet ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bow'rs
When thou art abſent, whom my ſoul adores!
Come, let us ſeek ſome flow'ry fragrant bed;
Come, on thy boſom reſt my loveſick head;
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the ſhady hills,
Or ſoftly ſlumber by the murm'ring rills.
Ah! no; he flies; that dear enchanting he
Whoſe beauty ſteals my very ſelf from me!
  Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare
To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair;
When to the lyre ſhe tun'd the vocal lays
Thy tongue wou'd flatter and thine eyes ſpeak praiſe;
And when ſmooth-gliding in the dance ſhe mov'd,
Aſk thy falſe boſom if it never lov'd?
And ſtill her eye ſome little luſtre bears,
If ſwains ſpeak truth—tho' dimm'd for thee with tears!
But fade each grace, ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe!

But whence theſe ſudden ſad preſaging fears,
Theſe riſing ſighs, and whence theſe flowing tears?
Ah! leſt the trumpet's terrible alarms
Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms
To try the doubtful field, and ſhine in azure arms!
Ah! canſt thou bear the labours of the war,
Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed ſpear?
Deſiſt, fond Youth! let others glory gain,
Seek empty honour o'er the ſurgy main,
Or ſheath'd in horrid arms ruſh dreadful to the plain.
Thee, Shepherd! thee the pleaſurable woods,
The painted meadows and the cryſtal floods,
Claim and invite to bleſs their ſweet abodes:
There ſhady bow'rs and ſylvan ſcenes ariſe,
There fountains murmur, and the ſpring ſupplies
Flow'rs to delight the ſmell or charm the eyes.
But mourn, ye ſylvan Scenes and ſhady Bow'rs!
Weep all ye Fountains! languiſh all ye Flow'rs!
If in a deſert Damon but appear,
To Cælia's eyes a deſert is more fair
Than all your charms when Damon is not there!
Gods! what ſoft words, what ſweet deluſive wiles,
He boaſts! and oh! thoſe dear undoing ſmiles!
Pleas'd with our ruin to his arms we run:
To be undone by him who would not be undone?
Alas! I rave. Ye ſwelling Torrents! roll
Your wat'ry tribute o'er my loveſick ſoul:

To cool my heart your waves, ye Oceans! bear:
Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!
But ah! what ſudden thought to frenzy moves
My tortur'd ſoul?—Perhaps my Damon loves:
Some fatal beauty yielding all her charms
Detains the lovely traitor from my arms.
Blaſt her, ye Skies! let inſtant vengeance ſeize
Thoſe guilty charms, whoſe crime it is to pleaſe!
Damon is mine!—Fond Maid! thy fears ſubdue:
Am I not jealous, and my charmer true?
O Heaven! from jealouſy my boſom ſave,
Cruel as Death, inſatiate as the grave!
Ye Pow'rs! of all the ills that ever curſt
Our ſex ſure man, diſſembling Man! is worſt.
Like froward boys, a while in wanton play
He ſports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
With ſpecious wiles weak woman he aſſails,
He ſwears, weeps, ſmiles, he flatters, and prevails;
Then in the moment when the maid believes
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, ſcorns, and leaves.
How oft my Damon ſwore th' all-ſeeing Sun
Should change his courſe, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart ſhould range, or faithleſs prove
To the bright object of his ſtedfaſt love!
O! inſtant change thy courſe, all-ſeeing Sun!
Damon is falſe; ye Rivers! backward run.
But die, O wretched Cælia! die. In vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain.

The tear is fruitleſs, and the tender ſigh,
And life a load.—Forſaken Cælia! die.
Fly ſwifter, Time! O ſpeed the joyful hour!
Receive me, Grave!—then I ſhall love no more.
Ah! wretched Maid! ſo ſad a cure to prove;
Ah! wretched Maid! to fly to Death from Love.
Yet oh! when this poor frame no more ſhall live,
Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve?
Ah me! I 'm vain: my death cannot appear
Worth the vaſt price of but a ſingle tear.
Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go,
But they have learn'd new cruelties of you:
Alone relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief ſhe ſcarce my ſighs returns.
Then Sighs adieu! ye nobler Paſſions riſe!
Be wiſe, fond Maid!—but who in love is wiſe?
I rage, I rail, the extremes of anger prove;
Nay, almoſt hate—then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind Heav'n! and right an injur'd maid:
Yet oh! yet ſpare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the ſultry ſuns at noontide hours
He ſeeks the covert of the breezy bow'rs,
Awake, O South! and where my charmer lies
Bid roſes bloom and beds of fragrance riſe;
Gently, O gently! round in whiſpers fly,
Sigh to his ſighs, and fan the glowing ſky.
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be ſtill, ye Waves! or round his veſſel play.

And you, ye Winds! confine each ruder breath,
Lie hush'd in filence and be calm as death:
But if he ftay detain'd by adverfe gales,
My fighs fhall drive the fhip and fill the flagging fails.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND

MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

. . . . " Calentem
" Debita fparges lacryma favillam
" Vatis amici." HOR.

As when the King of Peace and Lord of Love
Sends down fome brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heav'nly gueft
A while we view him in full glory dreft;
But he, impatient from his heaven to ftay,
Soon difappears, and wings his airy way:
So didft thou vanifh, eager to appear
And fhine triumphant in thy native fphere.
Yet hadft thou all that Virtue can beftow,
All the good practife and the learned know,
Such holy rapture as not warms but fires,
While the foul feems retiring or retires:
Such tranfports as thofe faints in vifion fhare
Who know not whether they are rapt thro' air
Or bring down Heav'n to meet them in a pray'r.

O early loſt! yet ſtedfaſt to ſurvey
Envy, diſeaſe, and death, without diſmay;
Serene, the ſting of pain * thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions objects of a ſmile:
So the fam'd Patriarch on his couch of ſtone
Enjoy'd bright viſions from th' eternal throne.
Thus wean'd from earth, where pleaſure ſcarce can pleaſe,
Thy woes but haſten'd thee to heav'n and peace;
As angry winds, when loud the tempeſt roars,
More ſwiftly ſpeed the veſſel to the ſhores.
O may theſe lays a laſting luſtre ſhed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reaſon bore the ſway;
Humble yet learn'd, tho' innocent yet gay;
So pure of heart, that thou might'ſt ſafely ſhow
Thy inmoſt boſom to thy baſeſt foe;
Careleſs of wealth, thy bliſs a calm retreat,
Far from the inſults of the ſcornful great;
Thence looking with diſdain on proudeſt things,
Thou deemedſt mean the pageantry of kings,
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted riband or a glitt'ring ſtone,
Uſeleſsly bright! It was thine the ſoul to raiſe
To nobler objects, ſuch as angels praiſe;
To live to mortals' empty fame a foe,
And pity human joy and human woe;

* The gout.

To view ev'n ſplendid Vice with gen'rous hate;
In life unblemiſh'd, and in death ſedate;
Then conſcience, ſhining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er thy ſoul, and promis'd endleſs day.
So from the ſetting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the ſky.
Where now, O! where ſhall I true friendſhip find
Among the treach'rous race of baſe mankind?
Whom, whom conſult in all th' uncertain ways
Of various life, ſincere to blame or praiſe?
O Friend! O! falling in thy ſtrength of years,
Warm from the melting ſoul receive theſe tears!
O Woods! O Wilds! O ev'ry bow'ry Shade!
So often vocal by his muſick made,
Now other ſounds—far other ſounds! return,
And o'er his herſe with all your echoes mourn!—
Yet dare we grieve that ſoon the paths he trod
To heav'n, and left vain man for ſaints and God?
Thus in the theatre the ſcenes unfold
A thouſand wonders glorious to behold,
And here or there as the machine extends
A hero riſes or a god deſcends;
But ſoon the momentary pleaſure flies,
Swift vaniſhes the god, or hero dies.
Where were ye, Muſes! by what fountain ſide,
What river, ſporting when your fav'rite dy'd?
He knew by verſe to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;

Nor deign'd but to high themes * to tune the ſtring,
To ſuch as Heav'n might hear and angels ſing:
Unlike thoſe bards who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flaſhy lay,
Each line diſplay'd united ſtrength and eaſe,
Form'd like his manners to inſtruct and pleaſe.
So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flow'r and ſalutary juice;
And while each plant a ſmiling grace reveals,
Uſefully gay, at once it charms and heals.
Tranſcend ev'n after death, ye Great! in ſhow,
Lend pomp to aſhes, and be vain in woe;
Hire ſubſtitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here ſincerity of grief appears,
Silence that ſpeaks, and eloquence in tears;
While tir'd of life we but conſent to live
To ſhow the world how really we grieve.
As ſome fond ſire whoſe only ſon lies dead,
All loſt to comfort makes the duſt his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantick grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious ſhow'rs;
Such heart-felt pangs on thy ſad bier attend,
Companion! Brother! all in one—my Friend!
Unleſs the ſoul a wound eternal bears
Sighs are but air, but common water tears:
The proud relentleſs weep in ſtate, and ſhow
Not ſorrow, but magnificence of woe.

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral ſubjects.

Thus in the fountain from the ſculptor's hands
With imitated life an image ſtands;
From rocky entrails thro' his ſtony eyes
The mimick tears in ſtreams inceſſant riſe
Unconſcious, while aloft the waters flow
The gazers' wonder and a publick ſhow.
Ye hallow'd Domes! his frequent viſits tell,
Thou court where God himſelf delights to dwell;
Thou Myſtick Table and thou holy Feaſt!
How often have ye ſeen the ſacred gueſt?
How oft' his ſoul with heav'nly manna fed,
His faith enliven'd, while his ſin lay dead?
While liſt'ning angels heard ſuch raptures riſe
As when they hymn th' Almighty charm the ſkies.
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heav'ns, ſubſiſts thy gentle ſhade?
Glides it beyond our groſs imperfect ſky,
Pleas'd high o'er ſtars from world to world to fly,
And fearleſs marks the comet's dreadful blaze
While monarchs quake and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deep converſe with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in conſort with angelick choirs,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſound their golden lyres,
Where raptur'd ſaints unfading crowns inwreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er ſin and death?
O may the thought his friend's devotion raiſe!
O may he imitate as well as praiſe!

Awake, my heavy Soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the ſaint, and meet him in the ſky,
And aſk the certain way to riſe as high.

ON THE
BIRTHDAY OF A GENTLEMAN
WHEN THREE YEARS OLD.

Awake, ſweet Babe! the ſun's emerging ray
That gave you birth renews the happy day:
Calmly ſerene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and ſtrives to look like you.
  Fair Beauty's Bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy ſpan,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy bloſſoms ſhall produce,
And yield not barren ornament but uſe!
Ev'n now thy ſpring a rich increaſe prepares
To crown thy riper growth and manly years.
  Thus in the kernel's intricate diſguiſe
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths by juſt degrees
Stretch their ſwol'n cells, replete with future trees;
By time evolv'd the ſpreading branches riſe,
Yield their rich fruits, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
  O lovely Babe! what luſtre ſhall adorn
Thy noon of beauty when ſo bright thy morn?
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!

With nobler aims inſtruct thy ſoul to glow
Than thoſe gay trifles titles, wealth, and ſhow.
May valour, wiſdom, learning, crown thy days!
Thoſe fools admire--theſe Heav'n and angels praiſe*.
 With riches bleſt to Heav'n thoſe riches lend,
The poor man's guardian and the good man's friend:
Bid virtuous Sorrow ſmile, ſcorn'd Merit cheer,
And o'er Affliction pour the gen'rous tear.
Some, wildly lib'ral, ſquander, not beſtow,
And give unprais'd, becauſe they give for ſhow.
To ſanctify thy wealth on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a bleſſing turn the toy.
Thus off'rings from th' unjuſt pollute the ſkies;
The good turn ſmoke into a ſacrifice.

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wiſh! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at leaſt but gaudy weeds;
And ſtubborn youth, by culture unſubdu'd,
Lies wildly barren or but gayly rude:
Yet as ſome Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious ſtrife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged ſtone;
So culture aids the human ſoul to riſe,
To ſcorn the ſordid earth and mount the ſkies,
Till by degrees the noble gueſt refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely ſhines.

As when an artiſt plans a fav'rite draught
The ſtructures riſe reſponſive to the thought,
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a god a temple ſtands:
Such is thy riſing frame, by Heav'n deſign'd
A temple worthy of a godlike mind;
Nobly adorn'd, and finiſh'd to diſplay
A fuller beam of Heav'n's ethereal ray.
May all thy charms increaſe, O lovely Boy!
Spare them, ye Pains! and age alone deſtroy!
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child the god might boaſt to look like thee!
When young Iülus' form he deign'd to wear
Such were his ſmiles, and ſuch his winning air.
Ev'n Venus might miſtake thee for her own
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon;
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid grac'd with Cytherea's eyes!
Yet ah! how ſhort a date the Pow'rs decree
To that bright frame of beauties and to thee!
Paſs a few days and all thoſe beauties fly!
Paſs a few years and thou, alas! ſhalt die;
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends, ſhall ſee,
With tears, what now thou art, and they muſt be;
A pale, cold, lifeleſs, lump of earth deplore:
Such ſhalt thou be, and kings ſhall be no more!
But oh! when ripe for death Fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of ev'ry mortal excellence;

When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
Reſigns thee quicken'd to thy ſecond birth,
Riſe cloath'd with beauties that ſhall never die,
A ſaint on earth, an angel in the ſky!

ON THE BIRTHDAY

OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

Being three Years old March 22. 1710-11 *.

WHY, lovely Babe! does ſlumber ſeal your eyes?
See, fair Aurora bluſhes in the ſkies:
The ſun which gave you birth in bright array
Begins his courſe, and uſhers in the day:
Calmly ſerene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and ſtrives to look like you.
  Fair Beauty's Bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy ſpan,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
How ſhall each ſwain, each beauteous nymph, complain!
For love each nymph, for envy ev'ry ſwain?
What matchleſs charms ſhall thy full noon adorn
When ſo admir'd, ſo glorious, is thy morn!
So glorious is thy morn of life begun
That all to thee with admiration run,
Turn Perſians, and adore the riſing ſun.

* The following poem is on the ſame ſubject with the preceding, but differs from it materially. It is apparently the original one, and preſerves the name and date: the other is enlarged, and more highly poliſhed. We print it from the fourth volume of Nichol's Collection of Poems publiſhed in 1780.

748

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son;
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
Their radiant glory and their sweetness join
To shew their fatal pow'r and all their charms in thine.
If fond Narcissus in the crystal stood
A form like thine, O lovely Infant! view'd,
Well might the flame the pining youth destroy:
Excess of beauty justify'd the boy.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O Lovely offspring of the May!
Whence flow thy balmy odours say?
Such odours—not the orient boasts,
Tho' Paradise adorn'd the coasts.
O! sweeter than each Flow'r that blooms
This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
Thence, thence, such sweets are spread abroad
As might be incense for a god!
When Venus stood conceal'd from view
Her son the latent * goddess knew,

* Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere. *Virg.*

Such ſweets breath'd round! and thus we know
Our other Venus here below.
  But ſee, my Faireſt! ſee this Flow'r,
This ſhort-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
Such are thy charms!—yet zephirs bring
The Flow'r to bloom again in ſpring;
But beauty when it once declines
No more to warm the lover ſhines.
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day
When thou ſhalt be but common clay!
When I who now adore may ſee
And ev'n with horrour ſtart from thee!
  But ere, ſweet Gift! thy grace conſumes
Show thou my fair one how ſhe blooms;
Put forth thy charms—and then declare
Thyſelf leſs ſweet, thyſelf leſs fair;
Then ſudden by a ſwift decay
Let all thy beauties fade away,
And let her in thy glaſs deſcry
How Youth and how frail Beauty die.
  Ah! turn, my Charmer! turn thy eyes;
See how at once it fades, it dies!
While thine—it gayly pleas'd the view,
Unfaded as before it grew,
Now from thy boſom doom'd to ſtray
'Tis only beauteous in decay.
So the ſweet ſmelling Indian Flow'rs,
Griev'd when they leave thoſe happier ſhores,
Sicken and die away in ours:

So flow'rs in Eden fond to blow
In Paradiſe would only grow.
  Nor wonder, Faireſt! to ſurvey
The Flow'r ſo ſuddenly decay.
Too cold thy breaſt; nor can it grow *
Between ſuch little hills of ſnow.
  I now, vain Infidel! no more
Deride th' Egyptians, who adore
The riſing herb and blooming Flow'r:
Now, now, their convert I will be,
O lovely Flow'r! to worſhip thee.
  But if thou 'rt one of their ſad train
Who dy'd for love and cold diſdain,
Who, chang'd by ſome kind pitying pow'r,
A lover once †, art now a Flow'r,
O pity me! O weep my care!
A thouſand thouſand pains I bear;
I love, I die, thro' deep deſpair!

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

From peace and ſocial joy Meduſa flies,
And loves to hear the ſtorm of anger riſe.
Thus hags and witches hate the ſmiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempeſts play.

VARIATION.

* ——how could it grow?
† See Ovid's Metamorph.

THE ROSEBUD.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY JANE WHARTON.

Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rofe!
The beauties of thy leaves difclofe;
The winter 's paft, the tempefts fly,
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the fky;
The lark fweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of fpring;
The filver dews, the vernal fhow'rs,
Call forth a bloomy wafte of flow'rs;
The joyous fields, the fhady woods,
Are cloath'd with green or fwell with buds:
Then hafte thy beauties to difclofe,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rofe!
Thou, beauteous Flow'r! a welcome gueft,
Shalt flourifh on the fair one's breaft,
Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair,
The flow'r moft fweet! the nymph moft fair!
Breathe foft, ye Winds! be calm, ye Skies!
Arife, ye Flow'ry Race! arife,
And hafte thy beauties to difclofe,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rofe!
But thou, fair Nymph! thyfelf furvey
In this fweet offspring of a day.
That miracle of face muft fail;
Thy charms are fweet, but charms are frail:

Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flow'r they fly;
At morn they bloom, at ev'ning die.
Tho' ſickneſs yet a while forbears,
Yet time deſtroys what ſickneſs ſpares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra 's but a name.
Time muſt indent that heav'nly brow,
And thou muſt be what they are now.
This moral to the fair diſcloſe,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Roſe!

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA with unconteſted ſway
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns,
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains,
Yet ſtoops like him to ev'ry prize,
Buſy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at ev'ry trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows,
And like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze beſtows.
O! may the pow'r who lovers rules
Grant rather ſcorn than hope with fools!

Miſtaken Nymph! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into ſhame;

Unguarded beauty is difgrace,
And coxcombs when they praife defame.
O! fly fuch brutes in human fhapes,
Nor like th' Egyptians worfhip apes!

COURAGE IN LOVE.

My eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My bofom heaves with conftant woe;
Thofe eyes which thy unkindnefs fwells,
That bofom where thy image dwells!
How could I hope fo weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchlefs dame,
When none Elyfium muft behold
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis her's in fpheres to fhine;
At diftance to admire is mine;
Doom'd like th' enamour'd youth * to groan
For a new goddefs form'd of ftone.
While thus I fpoke Love's gentle pow'r
Defcended from th' ethereal bow'r;
A quiver at his fhoulder hung,
A fhaft he grafp'd, and bow unftrung:
All Nature own'd the genial god,
And the fpring flourifh'd where he trod:
My heart, no ftranger to the gueft,
Flutter'd and labour'd in my breaft;

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful ftatue.

When with a ſmile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the gods began the boy:
"How vain theſe tears! is man decreed
"By being abject to ſucceed?
"Hop'ſt thou by meagre looks to move?
"Are women frighten'd into love?
"He moſt prevails who nobly dares;
"In love an hero as in wars:
"Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
"But it is when Mars diſputes the field.
"Sent from a daring hand my dart
"Strikes deep into the fair one's heart.
"To winds and waves thy cares bequeath;
"A ſigh is but a waſte of breath.
"What tho' gay youth and ev'ry grace
"That beauty boaſts adorn her face?
"Yet goddeſſes have deign'd to wed,
"And take a mortal to their bed;
"And Heav'n when gifts of incenſe riſe
"Accepts it tho' it cloud their ſkies.
"Mark how this marygold conceals
"Her beauty and her boſom veils;
"How from the dull embrace ſhe flies
"Of Phœbus when his beams ariſe,
"But when his glory he diſplays,
"And darts around his fiercer rays,
"Her charms ſhe opens, and receives
"The vig'rous god into her leaves." 48

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

Set by Dr. Tudway, Profeſſor of Muſick in Cambridge.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled
The ſad Amintor ſigh'd,
And thus while ſtreams of tears he ſhed
The mournful ſhepherd cry'd;
" Move ſlow, ye Hours! thou, Time! delay;
" Prolong the bright Belinda's ſtay:
" But you, like her, my pray'r deny,
" And cruelly away ye fly.

" Yet tho' ſhe flies ſhe leaves behind
" Her lovely image in my mind:
" O fair Belinda! with me ſtay,
" Or take thy image too away.

" See how the fields are gay around,
" How painted flow'rs adorn the ground!
" As if the fields as well as I
" Were proud to pleaſe my fair one's eye.

" But now, ye Fields! no more be gay;
" No more, ye Flowers! your charms diſplay:
" 'Tis deſert all now you are fled,
" And Paradiſe is where you tread."

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares
To shine at court and play;
To lonely shades the youth repairs
To weep his life away.

TO THOMAS MARIOT, ESQ.

I Prefix your name to the following poem as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you. I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them. May these Verses on Death long survive my own, and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μέν ἐστι κατθανεῖν,
Τό κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν. EURIP.

O For Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of Death to endless day!
A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!
See! in the horrours of yon' house of woes
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!

High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, fpears, and arrows, and fepulchral ftones,
In horrid ftate fhe reigns! attendant Ills
Befiege her throne, and when fhe frowns fhe kills.
Thro' the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
O'er fhrouds, and fable palls, and mould'ring urns;
While flowing ftoles, black plumes, and fcutcheons,
An idle pomp around the filent dead. [fpread
Unaw'd by pow'r, in common heaps fhe flings
The fcrips of beggars and the crowns of kings.
Here gales of fighs inftead of breezes blow,
And ftreams of tears for ever murm'ring flow:
The mournful yew with folemn horrour waves,
His baleful branches fadd'ning ev'n the graves:
Around all birds obfcene loud-fcreaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and fhriek along the fky:
The ground perverfe, tho' bare and barren breeds
All poifons foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But blafted frequent by th' unwholefome fky
Dead fall the birds, the very poifons die!
  Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors
Old Age half vanifh'd to a ghoft deplores;
Propp'd on his crutch he draggs with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.
  There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemp'rance and Difeafe walk hand in hand;
Thefe Torment, whirling with remorfelefs fway
A fcourge of iron, lafhes on the way.

There frantick Anger, prone to wild extremes,
Grafpsanenfanguin'dfword,andHeav'nblafphemes:
There heart-fick Agony diftorted ftands,
Writhes his convulfive limbs and wrings his hands:
There Sorrow droops his ever-penfive head,
And Care ftill toffes on his iron bed,
Or mufing, faftens on the ground his eye
With folded arms, with ev'ry breath a figh:
Hydrops unwieldly wallows in the flood,
And Murther rages, red with human blood:
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Peftilence, and War, a difmal train!
Thefe and a thoufand more the fiend furround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans refound.
O Heav'ns! is this the paffage to the fkies
That man muft tread, when man your fav'rite dies?
Oh for Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of Death to endlefs day!
Confounded at the fight my fpirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man that all would fhun,
And all muft bear that breathe beneath the fun.
When lo! an heav'nly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the ftarry vault thro' fields of air,
And fwifter than on wings of lightning driv'n
At once feems here and there, in earth and heav'n!
A dazzling brightnefs in refulgent ftreams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with funny beams;

His roseate cheeks the bloom of heav'n display,
And from his eyes dart glories more that day;
A robe of light condens'd around him shone,
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone;
And while the list'ning winds lay hush'd to hear
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe!
"Vain Man! wouldst thou escape the common lot,
"To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot?
"Look back on ancient times, primeval years,
"All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
"Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
'Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
"The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
"Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
"Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
"Ambassadors of Heav'n, and friends of God!
"And thou, wouldst thou the gen'ral sentence fly!
"Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
"Mortal! in all thy acts regard thy end;
"Live well the time thou liv'st, and Death is thy [friend.
"Then curb each rebel thought against the Sky,
"And die resign'd, O Man! ordain'd to die."
He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.
Abash'd, asham'd, I cry, "Eternal Pow'r!
"I yield; I wait resign'd th' appointed hour."
Man, foolish Man! no more thy soul deceive;
To die is but the surest way to live.

When age we aſk we aſk it in our wrong,
And pray our time of ſuff'ring may be long
The nauſeous draught and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity and length of pain.
What art thou, Life! that we ſhould court thy ſtay?
A breath one ſingle gaſp muſt puff away!
A ſhort-liv'd flow'r that with the day muſt fade!
A fleeting vapour and an empty ſhade!
A ſtream that ſilently but ſwiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeaſur'd tides!
A being loſt alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it or a worm deſtroy!
Impair'd by labour and by eaſe undone,
Commenc'd in tears and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write the tranſient Now is paſt,
And death more near this ſentence than the laſt!
As ſome weak iſthmus ſeas from ſeas divides,
Beat by rude waves and ſapp'd by ruſhing tides,
Torn from its baſe no more their fury bears,
At once they cloſe, at once it diſappears:
Such, ſuch is life! the mark of miſery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the paſt:
To time, to ſickneſs, and to death, a prey,
It ſinks, the frail poſſeſſion of a day!
As ſome fond boy, in ſport, along the ſhore
Builds from the ſands a fabrick of an hour,
Proud of his ſpacious walls and ſtately rooms
He ſtyles the mimick cells imperial domes,

The little monarch ſwells with fancy'd ſway,
Till ſome wind riſing puffs the dome away;
So the poor reptile Man! an heir of woe!
The lord of earth and ocean! ſwells in ſhow!
He plants, he builds; aloft the walls ariſe;
The noble plan he finiſhes, and—dies:
Swept from the earth he ſhares the common fate,
His ſole diſtinction now to rot in ſtate!
Thus buſy to no end till out of breath
Tir'd we lie down, and cloſe up all in death!
Then bleſs'd the man whom gracious Heav'n has led
Thro' life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who ſafely landed on the bliſsful ſhore
Nor human folly feels nor frailty more!
O Death! thou cure of all our idle ſtrife,
End of the gay or ſerious farce of life!
Wiſh of the juſt, and refuge of th' oppreſt!
Where Poverty and where ev'n kings find reſt!
Safe from the frowns of Pow'r, calm thoughtful hate,
And the rude inſults of the ſcornful great,
The grave is ſacred! Wrath and Malice dread
To violate its peace and wrong the dead.
But, Life! thy name is Woe! to death we fly
To grow immortal——into life we die!
Then wiſely Heav'n in ſilence has confin'd
The happier dead, leſt none ſhould ſtay behind.
What tho' the path be dark that muſt be trod,
Tho' man be blotted from the works of God,

Tho' the four winds his ſcatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes thro' all th' expanſe of air?
Yet burſting glorious from the ſilent clay
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.
So when the ſun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his ſplendours in the whelming main,
A tranſient night earth, air, and heav'n, invades,
Eclips'd in horrours of ſurrounding ſhades,
But ſoon emerging with a freſher ray
He ſtarts exultant, and renews the day.

PROLOGUE,

TO FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing ſtatues mould'ring waſte away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their truſt, decay,
The Muſe rewards the ſuff'ring good with fame,
Or wakes the proſp'rous villain into ſhame;
To the ſtern tyrant gives fictitious pow'r
To reign the reſtleſs monarch of an hour.
Obedient to her call this night appears
Great Herod riſing from a length of years;
A name enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount and ſavage on a throne:
Yet oft' a throne is dire Miſfortune's ſeat,
A pompous wretchedneſs and woe in ſtate!

But ſuch the curſe that from ambition ſprings!
For this he ſlaughter'd half a race of kings:
But now reviving in the Britiſh ſcene
He looks majeſtick with a milder mien;
His features ſoften'd with the deep diſtreſs
Of love, made greatly wretched by exceſs:
From luſt of pow'r to jealous fury toſt,
We ſee the tyrant in the lover loſt.
O Love! thou ſource of mighty joy or woe!
Thou ſofteſt friend, or man's moſt dang'rous foe!
Fantaſtick Pow'r! what rage thy darts inſpire*
When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
Thoſe darts to jealous rage ſtern Herod drove;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love.
Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne riſe!
No fancy'd tale: our op'ning ſcenes diſcloſe
Hiſtorick truth, and ſwell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And ſtrong the eloquence of royal tears;
By woes ennobled, with majeſtick pace
She meets misfortune, glorious in diſgrace!
Small is the praiſe of beauty when it flies
Fair Honour's laws; at beſt but lovely vice.
Charms it like Venus with celeſtial air?
Ev'n Venus is but ſcandalouſly fair:

VARIATION.

* What pangs, &c.

But when strict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.
Then let her fate your kind attention raise
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise *.
Beauty and Virtue your protection claim:
Give tears to Beauty, give to Virtue fame.

THE

CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

To Mr Southern's last Play,

CALLED MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time when in his younger years
Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;
And tho' beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet like the sun he shines as he descends:
Then with applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss your vet'ran soldier off the stage †;
Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
And kindly hide his baldness with the bays ‡.

VARIATIONS.

* Then let her fate your just attention raise
Whose perfect graces were but second praise.

† From the stage.

‡ Alluding to a vote of the Roman Senate, by which they decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.

EPISTLES.

EPISTOLA

AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.

Ecquid abſenti tibi cura Grantæ!
Ecquid antiqui memor es ſodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgî.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Ut roſâ dulci, violiſque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyruſque blandis
Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid ceſſas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conſcendas eques * ingementis,
Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?

Digne ſuccendi meliore flammâ!—
Sive † Clariſſam, Juvenumvè curam
Philliden mavis, placeatvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

* Obeſo fuit corpore.
† Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

Tarde, quid ceſſas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi fruſtrà ad ſpeculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat ſophiſtes,
Dum Johannenſi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis ſcribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus ſpoliis onuſtus,
Gallicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalen gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus ſanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè ſubridens, Venus! huc ſorores
Gratiæ! longùm vale O Minerva!
Aſpera Virgo!

Barbaro tandèm ſatiata, ludo
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; caſtam

† Juxta Aldenardum.

Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
Dedecit Ægis.

Flagitas noſtræ quid agunt camœnæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aſpiciens ocello
Torruit pectus?—neque tu furoris
Inſcius blandi! tibi ſævit imis
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere triſtes
Tu potes curas! * Cerealis hauſtus
Eſt tibi, præſens relevare diro
Pectora luctu.

Corticem aſtrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin' ingenti tonat ut boatu
Fumidus! ſummo ruit ut lagenæ
Spumeus ore!

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
Cui jocus, quocum Venus et Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

* Anglice, bottled ale.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
Virginis:—plenum video!—ah! caveto
Dextra nè quaſſet malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

Euge!—ſiccàſti benè, fortiterque!—
Hinc adeſt curæ medicina! ſuaves
Hinc tibi ſomni, et tibi ſuaviora
Somnia ſomnis!

Hos bibens ſuccos, nihil invidebis
Italis, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigreſcant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!

Hic Johannenſi latitans ſuili
Grunnio, ſcribens ſitiente labro,
Aut graves hauſtus, inimica Muſis
Pocula, duco.

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE, MDCCXVI.

O Wondrous Art! that grace to ſhadows gives!
By whoſe command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her ſmiles! the mimick eye inſtils
A real flame! the fancy'd lightning kills!

Thus mirrors catch the love-inſpiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.
Hence ſhall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair poſſeſſor, ſhine a thouſand years;
By age uninjur'd future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who gazing on the Portrait with a ſigh,
Shall grieve ſuch perfect charms could ever die.
How would they grieve if to ſuch beauties join'd
The paint could ſhew the wonders of thy mind!
O Virgin! born th' admiring world to grace,
Tranſmit thy excellence to lateſt days;
Yield to thy lover's vows, and then ſhall riſe
A race of beauties conq'ring with thine eyes,
Who reigning in thy charms from death ſhall ſave
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.
Thus when thro' age the roſe-tree's charms decay,
When all her fading beauties die away,
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance and with equal grace.
But ah! how ſhort a date on earth is giv'n
To the moſt lovely workmanſhip of Heav'n!
Too ſoon that cheek muſt ev'ry charm reſign,
And thoſe love-darting eyes forget to ſhine;
While thouſands weeping round with ſighs ſurvey
What once was you——now only beauteous clay!
Ev'n from the convaſs ſhall thy image fade, 31
And thou reperiſh in thy periſh'd ſhade!

Then may this Verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty——such as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy soul display
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay,
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

Sure never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please!
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes
Still fragrant as it still consumes.
Nor can ev'n sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms!
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair.
But see! the pain begins to fly;
Tho' Venus bled she could not die:
See the new phœnix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise.
Thus roses when the storm is o'er
Draw beauties from th' inclement show'r.
Welcome, ye Hours! which thus repay
What envious Sickness stole away;

Welcome as thofe which kindly bring
And ufher in the joyous fpring,
That to the fmiling earth reftore
The beauteous herb and blooming flow'r,
And give her all the charms fhe loft
By wintry ftorms and hoary froft.
And yet how well did fhe fuftain
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flow'rs when blafting winds invade
Breathe fweet, and beautifully fade.
Now in her cheeks and radiant eyes
New blufhes glow, new lightnings rife;
Behold a thoufand charms fucceed,
For which a thoufand hearts muft bleed!
Brighter from her difeafe fhe fhines,
As fire the precious gold refines.
Thus when the filent grave becomes
Pregnant with life as fruitful wombs,
When the wide feas and fpacious earth
Refign us to our fecond birth,
Our moulder'd frame, rebuilt, affumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms,
And crown'd with youth's immortal pride
We angels rife who mortals dy'd.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH

ARMS AND FLOWERS.

THE liſt'ning trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills where once they grew,
But you expreſs a pow'r more great;
The Flow'rs you draw not but create *.

Behold your own creation riſe
And ſmile beneath your radiant eyes:
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But ſay, amid the ſofter charms
Of blooming Flow'rs what mean theſe Arms?
So round the fragrance of the roſe
The pointed thorn to guard it grows.

But cruel you who thus employ
Both Arms and beauty to deſtroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour formidably gay.

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flow'rs to birth,
But you diſplay a pow'r more great;
She calls forth flow'rs but you create.

It is a dreadful pleaſing ſight!
The Flow'rs attract, the Arms affright:
The Flow'rs with lively beauty bloom,
The Arms denounce an inſtant doom.

Thus when the Britons in array
Their enſigns to the ſun diſplay,
In the ſame flag are Lilies ſhown,
And angry Lions ſternly frown:
On high the glitt'ring ſtandard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

TO BELINDA AT THE BATH.

While in theſe fountains bright Belinda laves
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Betheſda's pool an angel ſtood,
Bad the ſoft waters heal, and bleſs'd the flood:
But from her eye ſuch bright deſtruction flies,
In vain they flow; for her the lover dies.

No more let Tagus boaſt, whoſe beds unfold
A ſhining treaſure of all-conq'ring gold;
No more the Po *, whoſe wand'ring waters ſtray
In mazy errours thro' the ſtarry way:
Henceforth theſe ſprings ſuperiour honours ſhare;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

* "——Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli. *Tull. in Ar-*
" Gurgite sidereo ſubterluit Oriona. *Claud.*

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

Baron of Eye, Warden, Chief Juſtice, and Juſtice in Eyre of all his Majeſty's Foreſts, Chaſes, Parks and Warrens on the ſouth ſide of Trent.

——δῶρον τοι τȣ̃το δίδωμι
Μνῆμα—— *Odyſſey, Lib.* xv.

O Thou! whoſe virtues ſanctify thy ſtate,
O great without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to pleaſe,
To think, to act, with elegance and eaſe *!
Say, wilt thou liſten while I tune the ſtring,
And ſing to thee who gav'ſt me eaſe to ſing?
Unſkill'd in verſe I haunt the ſilent grove,
Yet lowly ſhepherds ſing to mighty Jove,
And mighty Jove attends the ſhepherds' vows,
And gracious what his ſuppliants aſk beſtows:
So by thy favour may the Muſe be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful Muſe ſhall in return beſtow
Her ſpreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king and to thy country brave;
Loyal yet free; a ſubject, not a ſlave;
Say, &c.

Thus guarded by the tree of Jove a flow'r
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement ſhow'r,
And when the fury of the ſtorm is laid
Repays with ſweets the hoſpitable ſhade.
Severe their lot who when they long endure
The wounds of Fortune late receive a cure!
Like ſhips in ſtorms o'er liquid mountains toſt,
Ere they are ſav'd muſt almoſt firſt be loſt;
But you with ſpeed forbid Diſtreſs to grieve:
He gives by halves * who heſitates to give.
Thus when an angel views mankind diſtreſt
He feels compaſſion pleading in his breaſt;
Inſtant the heav'nly guardian cleaves the ſkies,
And pleas'd to ſave on wings of lightning flies †.
Some the vain promiſes of courts betray,
And gayly ſtraying they are pleas'd to ſtray;

ADDITION.

* Few know to aſk or decently receive,
And fewer ſtill with dignity to give:
If earn'd by flatt'ry gifts of higheſt price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of Vice.
Some wildly laviſh yet no friend obtain,
Nor are they gen'rous, but abſurd and vain.
Some give with ſurly pride and boiſt'rous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When Merit pleads you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour luſtre by the grace;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins
Bleſſing the world, and while he bleſſes ſhines.

† The Lord Cornwallis in a moſt obliging manner recommended the Author to the Rectory of Pulham.

The flatt'ring nothing ſtill deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever diſtant flies:
As perſpectives preſent the object nigh,
Tho' far remov'd from the miſtaking eye,
Againſt our reaſon fondly we believe,
Aſſiſt the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
As the faint traveller when night invades
Sees a falſe light relieve the ambient ſhades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright deluſion play,
But the falſe guide ſhines only to betray;
Swift he purſues, yet ſtill the path miſtakes,
O'er dang'rous marſhes or thro' thorny brakes;
Yet obſtinate in wrong he toils to ſtray
With many a weary ſtride o'er many a painful way.
So man purſues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his diſappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiouſly deſtroy
The pow'r to taſte the long-expected joy,
Then Fortune envious ſheds her golden ſhow'rs,
Malignly ſmiles, and curſes him with ſtores.
Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambroſial ointments o'er their aſhes ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The ſpicy odours and the ſolemn rites,
With fruitleſs pomp they deck the ſenſeleſs tombs,
And waſte profuſely floods of vain perfumes.

TO THE HON.

MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,

AFTERWARDS LADY CORNWALLIS,

On her Picture at Rainham, drawn by Mr. Jarvas, Painter to his Majeſty.

——περίεσσι γυναικῶν
Εἶδός τ' ἠδὲ φρένας. *Odyſſey, Lib. xviii.*

Ah, cruel hand! that could ſuch pow'r employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to deſtroy!
Singly ſhe charm'd before, but by his ſkill
The living beauty and her likeneſs kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall
A face in all is ſeen and charms in all!
 Think then, O Faireſt of the fairer race!
What fatal beauties arm thy heav'nly face,
Whoſe very ſhadow can ſuch flames inſpire!
We ſee it is paint, and yet we feel it is fire.
 See, with falſe life the lovely image glows,
And ev'ry wondrous grace tranſplanted ſhows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her ſhape, and multiplies our pains;
Hence the fond youth that eaſe by abſence found
Views the dear form, and bleeds at ev'ry wound.

Thus the bright Venus, tho' to heaven ſhe ſoar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.
O wondrous pow'r of mingled light and ſhades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence perſuades;
Where paſſions are beheld in Picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought!
Rare Art! on whoſe command all Nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates!
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud ſeas with all their billows riſe.
If life be drawn, reſponſive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimick bird in ſkies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beaſts in imitated groves:
Ev'n heav'n it climbs; and from the forming hands
An angel here and there a Townſhend * ſtands!
Yet, Painter! yet, tho' art with nature ſtrive,
Tho' ev'n the lovely phantom ſeem alive,
Submit thy vanquiſh'd art, and own the draught
Tho' fair defective, and a beauteous fault!
Charms ſuch as her's, inimitably great!
He only can expreſs that can create.
Couldſt thou extract the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
Or of its colours rob the heav'nly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy ſkill,
Lovely in thee, herſelf more lovely ſtill!

* Now Lady Cornwallis.

Thus in the limpid fountain we deſcry
The faint reſemblance of the glitt'ring ſky;
Another ſun diſplays his leſſen'd beams,
Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd ſtreams;
But tho' the ſcene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted ſkies in nobler beauties move;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps diſplay
A deluge of inimitable day.

AN EPISTLE,

TO MY FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

Author of Mariamne, A Tragedy, 1726.

Why art thou ſlow to ſtrike th' harmonious ſhell,
Averſe to ſing who know'ſt to ſing ſo well?
If thy proud Muſe the tragick buſkin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears,
While regularly bold ſhe nobly ſings
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings.
If by thy hand th' Homerick lyre be ſtrung *,
The lyre returns ſuch ſounds as Homer ſung.
The kind compulſion of a friend obey,
And tho' reluctant ſwell the lofty lay,
Then liſt'ning groves once more ſhall catch the ſound,
While Grecian Muſes ſing on Britiſh ground.

* Mr. Fenton tranſlated four books of The Odyſſey.

Thus calm and ſilent thy own Proteus * roves
Thro' pearly mazes and thro' coral groves;
But when emerging from the azure main
Coercive bands th' unwilling god conſtrain,
Then heaves his boſom with prophetick fires,
And his tongue ſpeaks ſublime what Heav'n inſpires.
Envy it is true with barb'rous rage invades
What ev'n fierce lightning ſpares, the laurel ſhades;
And criticks, bias'd by miſtaken rules,
Like Turkiſh zealots rev'rence none but fools.
But praiſe from ſuch injurious tongues is ſhame;
They rail the happy author into fame;
Thus Phœbus thro' the zodiack takes his way,
And riſes amid monſters into day.
Oh vileneſs of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While, noble ſcorn! my friend ſuch inſults ſees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.
Free from the luſt of wealth and glitt'ring ſnares
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement pleaſe,
A ſilent happineſs and learned eaſe.
Deny me grandeur, Heav'n! but goodneſs grant:
A king is leſs illuſtrious than a ſaint.
Hail, holy Virtue! come, thou heav'nly Gueſt!
Come, fix thy pleaſing empire in my breaſt!

* See the ſtory of Proteus, Odyſſey, lib. iv. tranſlated by Mr. Fenton.

Thou know'ſt her influence, Friend! thy cheerful
Proclaims the innocence and peace within: [mien*
Such joys as none but ſons of Virtue know
Shine in thy face and in thy boſom glow.
  So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a friend with God,
Celeſtial radiance ev'ry feature ſhed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.
  Sure what th' unthinking great, miſtaken, call
Their happineſs is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds, they hide
Their haughty heads, but ſwell with barren pride;
And while low vales in uſeful beauty lie
Heave their proud naked ſummits to the ſky.
In honour as in place, ye Great! tranſcend;
An angel fall'n degen'rates to a fiend.
Th' all-cheering Sun is honour'd with his ſhrines
Not that he moves aloft but that he ſhines.
Why flames the ſtar on Walpole's † gen'rous breaſt?
Not that he is higheſt, but becauſe he is beſt;
Fond to oblige, in bleſſing others bleſt.
  How wond'rous few, by av'rice uncontroll'd,
Have virtue to ſubdue the thirſt of gold!
The ſhining dirt the ſordid wretch enſnares
To buy with mighty treaſures mighty cares:

VARIATION.

* Thou feel'ſt her pow'r, my Friend! &c.

† The Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, created Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter 1726.

Blindly he courts, miſguided by the will,
A ſpecious good, and meets a real ill.
So when Ulyſſes plough'd the ſurgy main,
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian † bag unbind,
Expecting treaſures, but out ruſh'd a wind;
The ſudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the ſhores.
O Heav'n! by what vain paſſions man is ſway'd!
Proud of his reaſon, by his will betray'd,
Blindly he wanders in purſuit of vice,
And hates confinement tho' in Paradiſe;
Doom'd when enlarg'd inſtead of Eden's bow'rs
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:
Between th' extremes direct he ſees the way,
Yet wilful ſwerves, perverſely fond to ſtray!
Whilſt niggard ſouls indulge their craving thirſt,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curſt,
The prodigal purſues expenſive vice,
And buys diſhonour at a mighty price.
On beds of ſtate the ſplendid glutton ſleeps,
While ſtarving Merit unregarded weeps;
His ill-plac'd bounty while ſcorn'd Virtue grieves
A dog, a fawning ſycophant, receives;
And cringing knaves or haughty ſtrumpets ſhare
What would make Sorrow ſmile, and cheer Deſpair.

† See Odyſſey x. ver. 40.

Then wouldst thou steer where Fortune spreads the sails?
Go flatter Vice! for seldom flatt'ry fails;
Soft thro' the ear the pleasing bane distils:
Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills!
Be all but virtuous. O! unwise to live
Unfashionably good and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise
Root hellward, and thence flourish to the skies.
O happier thou, my Friend! with ease content,
Blest with the conscience of a life well spent,
Nor wouldst be great, but guide thy gather'd sails
Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
For sure of all that feel the wounds of Fate
None are completely wretched but the great.
Superiour woes superiour stations bring;
A peasant sleeps while cares awake a king.
Who reigns must suffer! crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head.
Change but the scene and kings in dust decay,
Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
There no distinctions on the dead await
But pompous graves and rottenness in state.
Such now are all that shone on earth before;
Cæsar and mighty Marlb'rough are no more!
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The soul of mortals must with Hanmer die.

O Compton *! when this breath we once reſign
My duſt ſhall be as eloquent as thine.
Till that laſt hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear which all muſt pay,
O! may I tread the paths which ſaints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-ſeeing God!
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice while grieving angels weep.
Come taſte, my Friend! the joys retirement brings,
Look down on royal ſlaves, and pity kings.
More happy laid where trees with trees entwin'd
In bow'ry arches tremble to the wind,
With innocence and ſhade like Adam bleſt,
While a new Eden opens in the breaſt!
Such were the ſcenes deſcending angels trod
In guiltleſs days, when man converſ'd with God.
Then ſhall my lyre to loftier ſounds be ſtrung,
Inſpir'd by Homer †, or what thou haſt ſung:
My Muſe from thine ſhall catch a warmer ray,
As clouds are brighten'd by the god of Day.
So trees unapt to bear by art refin'd,
With ſhoots ennobled of a gen'rous kind,
High o'er the ground with fruits adopted riſe,
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies.

* The Right Hon. Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.

† Dr. Broome tranſlated eight books of The Odyſſey.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS, MDCCXXVI.

LET vulgar fouls triumphal arches raife
And fpeaking marble to record their praife,
Or carve with fruitlefs toil, to fame unknown,
The mimick feature on the breathing ftone;
Mere mortals, fubject to Death's total fway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy praife,
A monument which worth alone can raife;
Sure to furvive when time fhall whelm in duft
The arch, the marble, and the mimick buft;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded fky
Blaze in one flame fhalt thou and Homer die,
When fink together in the world's laft fires
What Heav'n created and what Heav'n infpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranfport touch the mighty dead,
Shakefpeare! rejoice; his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry fcene with native brightnefs fhines;
Juft to thy fame he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publifh'd what Lucretius wrote:
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afrefh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvafs fades,

A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While the fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long untun'd had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld, and taught by Heav'n to ſing
Call'd the loud muſick from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible! his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares againſt the ſky;
With martial ſtalk and more than mortal might
He ſtrides along; he meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores:
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play.
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
How twangs the bow when with a jarring ſpring
The whizzing arrows vaniſh from the ſtring!

When giants ſtrain ſome rock's vaſt weight to ſhove
The ſlow verſe heaves, and the clogg'd words ſcarce
move;
But when from high it rolls with many a bound,
Jumping it thund'ring whirls and ruſhes to the ground.
Swift flows the verſe when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzl'd view, and flaſh along the ſky.
Thus like the radiant god who ſheds the day
The vale you paint or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies
Sink without grov'ling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring;
Be ours all Homer; ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Adventrous waken the Mæonian lyre *,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire.
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendſhip; and I boaſt my name
To thine united, for thy friendſhip's fame.
How long Ulyſſes, by unſkilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the hero loſt †;

* The author tranſlated eight books of The Odyſſey
† See the 16th Odyſſey, ver. 186 and 476.

O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head,
Nor longer in his heavy eyeball ſhin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold:
Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a god he moves.
This labour paſt of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe
As when they ſing ſuſpended hold the ſkies;
Or nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend:
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce. When Orpheus tunes the lay
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

If e'er my humble Muſe melodious ſings
'Tis when you animate and tune her ſtrings;
If e'er ſhe mounts it is when you prune her wings.
You like the ſun your glorious beams diſplay,
Deal to the darkeſt orb a friendly ray,
And clothe it with the luſtre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd ev'ry ſtroke, and brighten'd ev'ry part.
So when Luke drew the rudiments of Man
An angel finiſh'd what the ſaint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heav'nly dies,
Gave beauty to the face and lightning to the eyes.
Confus'd it lay, a rough unpoliſh'd maſs;
You gave the royal ſtamp, and made it paſs;
Hence ev'n Deformity a beauty grew:
She pleas'd, ſhe charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by [you.
Tho' like Prometheus I the image frame,
You gave the life, and bring the heav'nly flame.
When thus the Nile diffus'd his wat'ry train
In ſtreams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain,
Unſhapen forms, the refuſe of the flood,
Iſſu'd imperfect from the teeming mud;
But the great ſource and parent of the day
Faſhion'd the creature and inform'd the clay *.

ADDITION.

* To nobler themes thy Muſe triumphant ſoars,
Mounts thro' the tracks of air and heav'n explores.
Say, has ſome ſeraph tun'd thy ſacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For ſure ſuch ſounds exalt th' immortal ſtring
As Heav'n approves and raptur'd angels ſing.
Ah! how I liſten while th' immortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the Solar Way!

Weak of herſelf, my Muſe forbears her flight,
Views her own lowneſs and Parnaſſus' height;
But when you aid her ſong and deign to nod,
She ſpreads a bolder wing, and feels the preſent god.
So the Cumæan propheteſs was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
But when Apollo in her breaſt abode
She heav'd, ſhe ſwell'd, ſhe felt the ruſhing god;
Then accents more than mortal from her broke,
And what the god inſpir'd the prieſteſs ſpoke.

ADDITION.

Ah! how I look with ſcorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their ſplendid thrones!
While, thou my guide, I trace all Nature's laws
By juſt gradations to the Sov'reign Cauſe!
Pleas'd I ſurvey how varying ſchemes unite
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who ſees, as Lord of all, with equal eye
Now a proud tyrant periſh, then a fly.
Methinks I view the Patriarch's ladder riſe,
Its baſe on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies;
Each wondrous ſtep by glorious angels trod,
And heav'n unfolding to the throne of God.
Be this thy praiſe! I haunt the lovely bow'r,
Sport by the ſpring, or paint the blooming flow'r;
Nor dares the Muſe attempt an arduous height, *&c.*

TO A LADY

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

It is a pleaſing direful ſight!
At once you charm us and affright!
So Heav'n deſtroying angels arms
With terrour, dreadful in their charms!

Such, ſuch was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair!
When the griev'd world impoveriſh'd loſt
By the dire aſp its nobleſt boaſt.

Aw'd by your guardian's dang'rous pow'r
At diſtance trembling we adore;
At diſtance once again behold
A Serpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd and harmleſs, lo! he lies,
Baſks in the ſunſhine of your eyes;
Now twiſts his ſpires, and now unfurls
The gay confuſion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breaſt to lie
As that bright ſtar that gilds the ſky *,

* The Scorpion.

Who ceaſing in the ſpheres to ſhine
Would for your breaſt his heav'n reſign.

Yet oh! fair Virgin! caution take
Leſt ſome bold cheat aſſume the Snake.
When Jove compreſt the Grecian dame *
Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
On radiant ſpires the lover rode,
And in the Snake conceal'd the god.

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

No more let youth its beauty boaſt,
S——n at thirty reigns a toaſt,
And like the ſun as he declines,
More mildly but more ſweetly ſhines.

The hand of Time alone diſarms
Her face of its ſuperfl'ous charms,
But adds for ev'ry grace reſign'd
A thouſand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time,
This her more habitable clime;
How muſt ſhe then each heart engage
Who blooms like Youth, is wiſe like Age!

* Olympias, mother of Alexander The Great.

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament and uſe;
Here opening bloſſoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

THE

WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS,

BEING A LETTER TO THE WIDOW IN LONDON.

While Delia ſhines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her ſprightly eyes at ſome beau,
Then cloſe behind her fan retiring
Sees thro' the ſticks whole crowds admiring,
You ſip your melancholy coffy,
And at the name of man cry O fy!
Or when the noiſy rapper thunders
Say coldly—"Sure the fellow blunders!
"Unſeen, tho' peer on peer approaches;
"James, I 'm abroad!—But learn the coaches."
  As ſome young pleader, when his purſe is
Unfill'd thro' want of controverſies,
Attends until the chinks are fill'd all
The aſſizes Weſtminſter and Guildhall,
While graver lawyers keep their houſe, and
Collect the guineas by the thouſand;
Or as ſome tradeſmen thro' ſhow-glaſſes
Expoſe their wares to each that paſſes,

Toys of no ufe! high priz'd commodities
Bought to no end! eftates in oddities!
Others with like advantage drive at
Their gain from ftorehoufes in private:
Thus Delia fhines in places general,
Is never miffing where the men are all;
Goes ev'n to church with godly airs
To meet good company at pray'rs,
Where fhe devoutly plays her fan,
Looks up to heav'n, but thinks on man:
You fit at home, enjoy your coufin *,
While hearts are offer'd by the dozen.
O! born above your fex to rife,
With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wife!
O Lady bright! did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair or country market,
A beau whofe eloquence might charm ye
Enlifting foldiers for the army?
He flatters ev'ry well-built youth,
And tells him ev'ry thing but—truth:
He cries "Good Friend! I 'm glad I hap'd in
"Your company; you 'll make a Captain!"
He lifts—but finds thefe guady fhows
Soon chang'd to furly looks and blows.
'Tis now, "March, Rafcal! what d' ye grumble?"
Thwack goes the cane! "I 'll make you humble."

* Mrs. S——fh.

Such weddings are; and I reſemble 'em
Almoſt in all points to this emblem.
While courtſhip laſts it is "Dear!" it is "Madam!"
"The ſweeteſt creature ſure ſince Adam!
"Had I the years of a Methuſalem,
"How in my charmer's praiſe I 'd uſe all 'em!
"O take me to thy arms my Beauty!
"I dote, adore, thy very ſhoe-tye!"
They wed—but fancy grown leſs warming,
Next morn he thinks the bride leſs charming:
He ſays, nay ſwears, "My wife grows old in
"One ſingle month;" then falls to ſcolding:
"What, Madam! gadding ev'ry day?
"Up to your room; there ſtitch or pray!"
  Such proves the marriage-ſtate! but for all
Theſe truths you 'll wed, and ſcorn the moral.

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,

WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN *.

WHAT woes muſt ſuch unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring?
You, like Mezentius †, in the nuptial bed
Once more unite the living and the dead.

* It was printed in the firſt edition of his Poems 1727.

† "The living and the dead at his command
"Were coupled face to face and hand to hand.

Dryden's Virg. Æn. viii.

PARAPHRASES.

HABBAKKUK,

CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

An Ode written in 1710, as an Exerciſe at St. John's College in Cambridge.

When in a glorious terrible array
From Paran's tow'ring height th' Almighty took his way,
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightneſs ſhroud;
Glory, and Majeſty, and Power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
Behind a grim and meagre train,
Pining Sickneſs, frantick Pain,
Stalk'd wildly on! with all the diſmal band
Which Heav'n in anger ſends to ſcourge a guilty land.

With terrour cloth'd he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Thro' half the nations of th' aſtoniſh'd earth
He ſcatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!
And when he ſpoke
The everlaſting hills from their foundations ſhook;

The trembling mountains by a lowly nod,
With reverence ftruck, confefs'd the God.
On Sion's holy hill he took his ftand,
Grafping omnipotence in his right hand;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the fun darken'd as he frown'd.
He dealt affliction from his van,
And wild confufion from his rear;
They thro' the tents of Cufhan ran,
The tents of Cufhan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with defpair.
I fee his fword wave naked in the air *;
It fheds around a baleful ray;
The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When thro' the mighty flood
He led the murm'ring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
Why was the mighty flood afraid?
March'd he againft the rivers? or was he,
Thou mighty Flood! difpleas'd at thee?
The flood beheld from far
The Deity in all his equipage of war;

VARIATION.

* I fee his fword wave with redoubled ire;
Ah! has it fet the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burft down in deluges of fhow'rs,
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

And lo! at once it burſts, in diverſe falls
On either hand! it ſwells in cryſtal walls!
Th' eternal rocks diſcloſe! the toſſing waves
Ruſh in loud thunder from a thouſand caves!
Why tremble ye, O Faithleſs! to behold
The opening deeps their gulfs unfold?
Enter the dreadful chaſms! it is God who guides
Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
And lo! they march amid the deaf'ning roar
Of tumbling ſeas! they mount the adverſe ſhore!
Advance, ye choſen Tribes!—Arabia's ſands,
Lonely uncomfortable lands,
Void of fountain, void of rain,
Oppoſe their burning coaſts in vain!
See the great Prophet ſtand
Waving his wonder-working wand!
He ſtrikes the ſtubborn rock, and lo!
The ſtubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
His ſtony entrails burſt, and ruſhing torrents flow!

Then did the Sun his fiery courſers ſtay *,
And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* Ah! what new ſcenes unfold, what voice I hear!
Sun! ſtand thou ſtill; thou, Moon! thy courſe forbear.
Ah!——Sun! thy wheels obedient ſtay,
Doubling the ſplendours of the wondrous day;
The nimble-footed Minutes ceaſe to run,
And urge the lazy Hours on:

The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run,
And urge the lazy Hours on:
Time hung his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year
Stopt in their full career:
Then the aſtoniſh'd moon
Forgot her going down,
And paler grew
The diſmal ſcene to view
How thro' the trembling Pagan nation
Th' Almighty ruin dealt and ghaſtly deſolation.

But why, ah! why, O Sion! reigns
Wide waſting Havock o'er thy plains?
Ah me! deſtruction is abroad;
Vengeance is looſe, and wrath from God!
See! hoſts of ſpoilers ſeize their prey!
See! Slaughter marks in blood his way!

VARIATION.

Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year
Stop in their full career:
At once th' aſtoniſh'd moon
Forgets her going down,
And paler grows
To view th' amazing train of woes,
While thro' the trembling Pagan nation
Th' Almighty ruin deals and ghaſtly deſolation.

See! how embattled Babylon
Like an unruly deluge rushes on!
Lo! the field with millions swarms!
I hear their shouts, their clashing arms!
Now the conflicting hosts engage
With more than mortal rage!—
Oh Heaven! I faint—I die—
The yielding pow'rs of Israel fly—
Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
Of Sion! now she sinks, she falls—
Ah, Sion! how for thee I mourn!
What pangs for thee I feel!
Ah! how art thou become the Pagan's scorn,
Lovely unhappy Israel!
A shiv'ring damp invades my heart,
A trembling horrour shoots thro' ev'ry part;
My nodding frame can scarce sustain
Th' oppressive load I undergo:
Speechless I sigh; the envious woe
Forbids the very pleasure to complain;
Forbids my fault'ring tongue to tell
What pangs for thee I feel,
Lovely unhappy Israel!

Yet tho' the fig-tree should no burthen bear,
Tho' vines delude the promise of the year;
Yet tho' the olive should not yield her oil,
Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil;

Tho' the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
And herds in millions perish from the stall;
Yet shall my grateful strings
For ever praise thy name,
For ever thee proclaim,
Thee, everlasting God! the mighty King of kings!

PART OF

CHAPS. XXXVIII. & XXXIX OF JOB

PARAPHRASED.

Now from the splendours of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God.
Cherubs and seraphs from celestial bow'rs,
Ten thousand thousand bright ethereal pow'rs,
Ministrant round their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant and gold!
Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bad hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds,
Then from his awful gloom the Godhead spoke,
And at his voice affrighted Nature shook.
Vain Man! who boldly with dim reason's ray
Vies with his God, and rivals his full day!

But tell me now, ſay how this beauteous frame *
Of all things from the womb of Nothing came,
When Nature's Lord with one Almighty call
From no-where rais'd the world's capacious ball?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vaſt earth, and circumſcribes the bounds?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the ſky
In concert move, and dance in harmony?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung ſelf-balanc'd in the fluid air?
Why the vaſt tides ſometimes with wanton play
In ſhining mazes gently glide away;
Anon, why ſwelling with impetuous ſtores
Tumultuous tumbling thunder to the ſhores?
By thy command does fair Aurora riſe,
And gild with purple beams the bluſhing ſkies?
The warbling lark ſalutes her cheerful ray,
And welcomes with his ſong the riſing day;
The riſing day ambroſial dew diſtils,
Th' ambroſial dew with balmy odour fills
The flow'rs, the flow'rs rejoice, and Nature ſmiles.
Why Night, in ſable rob'd, as daylight fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful ſhades?

VARIATION.

* But tell me, Mortal! when th' Almighty ſaid
Be made, ye Worlds! how worlds at once were made?
When hoſts of angels, wrapt in wonder, ſung
His praiſe as order from diſorder ſprung.

Now peaceful Nature lies diffus'd in eaſe,
A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns o'er land and ſeas.
Sleep ſheds o'er all his balm! to ſleep reſign'd
Birds, beaſts, lie huſh'd, and buſy humankind *.
No air of breath diſturbs the drowzy woods,
No whiſpers murmur from the ſilent floods!
The moon ſheds down a ſilver-ſtreaming light,
And glads the melancholick face of Night;
Now clouds ſwift-ſkimming veil her ſully'd ray,
Now bright ſhe blazes with a fuller day †.
The ſtars in order twinkle in the ſkies,
And fall in ſilence, and in ſilence riſe;
Till as a giant ſtrong, a bridegroom gay,
The Sun ſprings dancing thro' the gates of Day:
He ſhakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills and down the glowing ſtreams:
His fiery courſers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along the ethereal plain:
The fiery courſers and their car diſplay
A ſtream of glory and a flood of day.
Did e'er thy eye deſcend into the deep?
Or haſt thou ſeen where infant tempeſts ſleep?

VARIATIONS.

* No more the monſters of the deſert roar,
Doubling the terrours of the midnight hour.
The fowl, the fiſhes, to repoſe reſign'd,
All, all lie huſh'd, and buſy humankind.
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And ſighing breezes lull the drowzy woods.

† Now bright ſhe blazes and ſupplies the day.

Was e'er the grave or regions of the night
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight?
Has Death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state
The ghastly Forms, the various Woes, that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'st thou where darkness bears eternal sway,
Or where the source of everlasting day?
Say why the driving hail with rushing sound
Pours from on high and rattles on the ground?
Why hover snows, down-wav'ring by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say why in lucid drops the balmy rain
With sparkling gems impearls the spangled plain?
Or gath'ring in the vale a current flows,
And on each flow'r a sudden spring bestows?
Say why with gentle sighs the ev'ning breeze
Salutes the flow'rs or murmurs thro' the trees?
Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main and thunder in the sky?
Say to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewless beings when serene the air,
Till from their dungeons loos'd they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud,
While waves encount'ring waves, in mountains driv'n,
Swell to the starry vault and dash the heav'n?
Know'st thou why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, destruction, and despair,
The plague, the sword, and all the forms of war?

On ruddy wings why forky lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the ſkies?
Say, can thy voice, when ſultry Sirius reigns,
And ſuns intenſely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhauſted urns of thirſty ſprings ſupply,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky?
Or when the heav'ns are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the ſkies precipitate in floods,
Chaſe the dark horrour of the ſtorm away,
Reſtrain the deluge, and reſtore the day?
By thee does Summer deck herſelf with charms,
Or hoary Winter lock his frozen arms?
Say if thy hand inſtruct the roſe to glow,
Or to the lily give unſully'd ſnow;
Teach fruits to knit from bloſſoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whoſe various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimſon bluſh, or burniſh into gold?
Say why the ſun arrays with ſhining dies
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy ſkies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden ſtreams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glitt'ring beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or riſe,
And the vaſt arch embraces half the ſkies.
Say, didſt thou give the mighty ſeas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heav'n with ſtars,
Whoſe thouſand times ten thouſand lamps diſplay
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?

Say, canſt thou rule the courſers of the Sun,
Or laſh the lazy ſign Boötes on?
Doſt thou inſtruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewleſs winds and tow'r the ſky?
On ſounding pinions borne he ſoars, and ſhrouds
His proud aſpiring head among the clouds;
Strong-pounc'd and fierce he darts upon his prey,
He ſails in triumph thro' th' ethereal way,
Bears on the ſun, and baſks in open day.
Does the dread king and terrour of the wood,
The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
Ranges the plains, and o'er the foreſt roams;
He ſnuffs the track of beaſts, he fiercely roars *,
Doubling the horrours of the midnight hours;
With ſullen majeſty he ſtalks away,
And the rocks tremble while he ſeeks his prey;
Dreadful he grins! he rends the ſavage brood
With unſheath'd paws, and churns the ſpouting blood.
Doſt thou with thunder arm the gen'rous horſe,
Add nervous limbs or ſwiftneſs for the courſe?
Fleet as the wind he ſhoots along the plain,
And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;
His fiery eyeballs, formidably bright,
Dart a fierce glory and a dreadful light;

VARIATION.

* He mocks the beating ſtorms and wintry ſhow'rs,
Making night hideous as he ſternly roars.

Pleas'd with the clank of arms and trumpets' ſound
He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
He ſnuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
Neighs at the captains' ſhouts and thunder of the war;
Rous'd with the noble din and martial ſight
He pants with tumults of ſevere delight;
His ſprightly blood an even courſe diſdains,
Pours from his heart and charges in his veins;
He braves the ſpear and mocks the twanging bow,
Demands the fight, and ruſhes on the foe.

CHAP. XLIII. OF ECCLESIAST.

PARAPHRASED.

The ſun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world and glory of the ſky,
Illuſtrious in his courſe, in bright array
Marches along the heav'ns, and ſcatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and thro' th' ethereal way.
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant boſom of the ground;
But ere the noon of day in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams:
Beneath the burnings of his ſultry ray
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;
Huge vales expand where rivers roll'd before,
And leſſen'd ſeas contract within their ſhore.

O Pow'r ſupreme! O high above all height!
Thou gav'ſt the ſun to ſhine, and thou art light.
Whether he falls or riſes in the ſkies
He by thy voice is taught to fall or riſe;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his ſphere,
And meaſures out the day, the month, and year;
He drives the hours along with ſlower pace,
The minutes ruſh away impetuous in their race;
He wakes the flow'rs that ſleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamell'd vales,
And native incenſe loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heav'n, and to their God an offering pay.
By thy command the moon as daylight fades
Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning ſhades;
Array'd in glory and enthron'd in light
She breaks the ſolemn terrours of the night;
Sweetly inconſtant in her varying flame,
She changes ſtill, another yet the ſame!
Now in decreaſe by ſlow degrees ſhe ſhrouds
Her fading luſtre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increaſe her gathering beams diſplay
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thouſand ſtars adorn her glitt'ring train,
Fall when ſhe falls, and riſe with her again,
And o'er the deſerts of the ſky unfold
Their burning ſpangles of ſiderial gold:

Thro' the wide heav'ns ſhe moves ſerenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in ſweet confuſion lies,
And with a bright diſorder paints the ſkies.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the ſhow'ry bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bad its colours glow;
Its radiant circle compaſſes the ſkies,
And ſweetly the rich tinctures faint and riſe;
It bids the horrours of the ſtorm to ceaſe,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempeſt pleaſe.

He when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thund'rous ſtorms a ſolemn gloom diſplay,
Pours down a wat'ry deluge from on high,
And opens all the ſluices of the ſky;
High o'er the ſhores the ruſhing ſurge prevails,
Burſts o'er the plain and roars along the vales;
Daſhing abruptly dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling thro' rocks, and toſſes, whirls, and foams:
Mean time from ev'ry region of the ſky
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er ſeas and earth they glare,
And burſts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air:
At once the thunders of th' Almighty ſound,
Heav'n lours, deſcend the floods, and rocks the ground!

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth and wheel along the ſky;
In circling eddies whirl'd it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave and daſhes cloud on cloud:

Where'er it moves it lays whole forefts low,
And at the blaft eternal mountains bow;
While tearing up the fands in drifts they rife,
And half the deferts mount the burthen'd fkies.
He from aerial treafures downward pours
Sheets of unfully'd fnow in lucid fhow'rs;
Flake after flake thro' air thick-wav'ring flies,
Till one vaft fhining wafte all Nature lies;
Then the proud hills a virgin whitenefs fhed,
A dazzling brightnefs glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a filver fhow,
And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow.
He from loofe vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail and moulds the harden'd rain;
The ftony tempeft with a rufhing found
Beats the firm glebe refulting from the ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The rifing herb, or breaks the fpreading blades;
While infant flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy heads
Crufh'd by its fury fink into their beds.
When ftormy Winter from the frozen North
Borne on his icy chariot iffues forth,
The blafted groves their verdant pride refign,
And billows harden'd into cryftal fhine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breaftplate binds;
Ev'n the proud feas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole;

There waves on waves in ſolid mountains riſe,
And Alps of ice invade the wond'ring ſkies,
While gulfs below and ſlipp'ry vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightneſs pain the eye:
But if warm winds a warmer air reſtore,
And ſofter breezes bring a genial ſhow'r,
The genial ſhow'r revives the cheerful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.
When the ſeas rage and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores,
If he in thunder bid the waves ſubſide,
The waves obedient ſink upon the tide,
A ſudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the ſtill waters in ſoft ſilence ſleep:
Then Heav'n letsdown a golden-ſtreaming ray,
And all the broad expanſion flames with day;
In the clear glaſs the mariners deſcry
A ſun inverted and a downward ſky.
They who advent'rous plow the wat'ry way
The dreadful wonders of the deep ſurvey;
Familiar with the ſtorms their ſails unbind,
Tempt the rough blaſt and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now ſhoot into a vale,
Now ſmooth their courſe and ſcud before the gale.
Ther e rolling monſters, arm'd in ſcaly pride,
Flounce in the billows and daſh round the tide;
There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
And thro' the waves a living iſland roves;

In dreadful paſtime terribly he ſports,
And the vaſt ocean ſcarce his weight ſupports;
Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
He breathes a tempeſt and he ſpouts a tide!
Thus, Lord! the wonders of earth, ſea, and air,
Thy boundleſs wiſdom and thy pow'r declare:
Thou, high in glory, and in might ſerene,
Seeſt and mov'ſt all, thyſelf unmov'd, unſeen.
Should men and angels join in ſongs to raiſe
A grateful tribute equal to thy praiſe,
Yet far thy glory would their praiſe outſhine,
Tho' men and angels in the ſong ſhould join:
For tho' this earth with ſkill divine is wrought,
Above the gueſs of man or angel's thought,
Yet in the ſpacious regions of the ſkies
New ſcenes unfold and worlds on worlds ariſe:
There other orbs round other ſuns advance,
Float on the air, and run their myſtick dance;
And yet the pow'r of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from ev'ry ſand;
And tho' vain man arraign thy high decree,
Till this juſt! what is, that ought to be *.

* Evidently wrong, but ſo in edit. 1779. The line is not in edit. 1750.

PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS,

A PASTORAL.

They sing the different success and absence of their Loves.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Townshend, of Rainham in Norfolk, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Principal Secretary of State to his Majesty.

——"Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ." VIRG.

DAPHNIS.

How calm the ev'ning! see the falling day
Gilds ev'ry mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
Salutes the flow'rs and waves the trembling trees.
Hark! the night-warbler from yon' vocal boughs
Glads ev'ry valley with melodious woes:
Swift thro' the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the level of the lakes:
The tim'rous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again and gaze.
See how yon' swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks and sail along in state!

Thy friſking flocks ſafe-wand'ring crop the plain,
And the glad ſeaſon claims a gladſome ſtrain.
Begin—Ye Echoes! liſten to the ſong,
And with its ſweetneſs pleas'd each note prolong.
LYC. Sing, Muſe!--and O may Townſhend deign to
What the Muſe ſings! to Townſhend this is due, [view
Who carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illuſtriouſly retires,
And calmly wand'ring in his Rainham, roves
By lake or ſpring, by thicket, lawn, or groves,
Where verdant hills or vales, where fountains ſtray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the ſplendid toils of ſtate,
In private happy as in publick great.
Thus godlike Scipio! on whoſe cares reclin'd
The burthen and repoſe of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly ſtray'd,
The world forgot beneath the laurel ſhade;
Nor longer would be great, but void of ſtrife
Clos'd in ſoft peace his eve of glorious life.
Feed round, my Goats! ye Sheep! in ſafety graze;
Ye Winds! breathe gently while I tune my lays.
The joyous ſpring draws nigh; ambroſial ſhow'rs
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flow'rs; 36
The flow'rs blow ſweet, the daffodils unfold
The ſpreading glories of their blooming gold.
DAPH. As the gay Hours advance the bloſſoms ſhoot,
The knitting bloſſoms harden into fruit;

And as the autumn by degrees enſues
The mellowing fruits diſplay their ſtreaky hues.
LYC. When the winds whiſtle and the tempeſt roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores,
The bloomy beauties of the paſtures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.
DAPH. Severe the ſtorms when ſhudd'ring Winter
The earth; but winter yields to vernal winds. [binds
O Love! thy rigour my whole life deforms;
More cold than winter, more ſevere than ſtorms!
LYC. Sweet is the ſpring and gay the ſummer hours
When balmy odours breathe from painted flow'rs;
But neither ſweet the ſpring nor ſummer gay
When ſhe I love, my charmer! is away.
DAPH. To ſavage rocks thro' bleak inclement ſkies
Deaf as thoſe rocks from me my fair one flies:
O Virgin! ceaſe to fly; th' inclement air
May hurt thy charms—but thou haſt charms to ſpare!
LYC. I love, and ever ſhall my love remain
The faireſt kindeſt virgin of the plain;
With equal paſſion her ſoft boſom glows,
Feels the ſweet pains and ſhares the heav'nly woes.
DAPH. With a feign'd paſſion ſhe I love beguiles,
And gayly falſe the dear diſſembler ſmiles;
But let her ſtill thoſe bleſt deceits employ,
Still may ſhe feign, and cheat me into joy.
LYC. On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd;
Gods! how tranſported I! and ſhe how kind!

There rise, ye Flow'rs! and there your pride display,
There shed your odours where the fair one lay!
DAPH. Once as my fair one in the rosy bow'r
In gentle slumbers pass'd the noontide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliss
At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss.
She wak'd; when conscious smiles, but ill represt,
Spoke no disdain.——Was ever swain so blest!
LYC. With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow;
The fair offender of my wrath afraid
Fled till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid.
She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay
She would offend a thousand times a-day.
DAPH. O'er the steep mountain and the pathless mead
From my embrace the lovely scorner fled,
But stumbling in the flight by chance she fell:
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell.
LYC. From me my fair one fled dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and shew'd by the directing sound
She only hid in secret to be found.
DAPH. Far hence to happier climes Belinda strays,
But in my breast her lovely image stays:
O to these plains again, bright Nymph! repair,
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear.
LYC. Come, Delia! come; till Delia bless these seats
Hide me, ye Groves! within your dark retreats:

In hollow groans, ye Winds! around me blow;
Ye bubbling Fountains! murmur to my woe.

DAPH. Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephirs! play;
Where'er she treads, ye Flow'rs! adorn the way;
From sultry suns, ye Groves! my charmer keep;
Ye bubbling Fountains! murmur to her sleep.

LYC. If streams smooth wand'ring, Delia, yield delight,
If the gay rose or lily please thy sight,
Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow,
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow.

DAPH. Aid me, ye Muses! while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name:
Waft it, ye Breezes! to the hills around,
And sport, ye Echoes! with the fav'rite sound.

LYC. Thy name, my Delia! shall improve my song,
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue:
Her name to heav'n propitious Zephirs bear!
And breathe it to her kindred angels there.

DAPH. But see! the Night displays her starry train,
Soft silver dews impearl the glitt'ring plain;
An awful horrour fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods:
Haste, Daphnis *! haste to fold thy woolly care;
The deep'ning shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

VARIATION.

* Haste, Lycidas! to fold, &c.

A PASTORAL TO A YOUNG LADY,

UPON HER LEAVING AND RETURN TO THE COUNTRY.

DAMON.

Say, while each fcene fo beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy bofom and why flow thy tears?
See from the clouds the fpring defcends in fhow'rs,
The painted vallies laugh with rifing flow'rs;
Smooth flow the floods, foft breathe the vernal airs;
The fpring, flow'rs, floods, confpire to charm our cares.

FLOR. But vain the pleafure which the feafon yields,
The laughing vallies or the painted fields.
No more, ye Floods! in filver mazes flow,
Smile not, ye Flow'rs! no more foft Breezes blow!
Far, Damon! far from thefe unhappy groves
The cruel lovely Rofalinda roves.

DAM. Ah! now I know why late the op'ning buds
Clos'd up their gems and ficken'd in the woods;
Why droop'd the lily in her fnowy pride,
And why the rofe withdrew her fweets and dy'd.
For thee, fair Rofalind! the op'ning buds
Clos'd up their gems and ficken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily fhed her fnowy pride,
For thee the rofe withdrew her fweets and dy'd.

FLOR. See where yon' vine in foft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;

L

There tun'd ſweet Philomel her ſprightly lay
Both to the riſing and the falling day:
But ſince fair Roſalind forſook the plains
Sweet Philomel no more renews her ſtrains;
With ſorrow dumb ſhe diſregards her lay,
Nor greets the riſing nor the falling day.
DAM. Say, O ye Winds! that range the diſtant ſkies,
Now ſwell'd to tempeſts by my riſing ſighs,
Say while my Roſalind deſerts theſe ſhores
How Damon dies for whom his ſoul adores.
FLOR. Ye murm'ring Fountains! and ye wand'ring Floods!
That viſit various lands thro' various roads,
Say, when ye find where Roſalind reſides,
Say how my tears increaſe your ſwelling tides.
DAM. Tell me, I charge you, O ye Sylvan Swains!
Who range the mazy grove or flow'ry plains,
Beſide what fountain, in what breezy bow'r,
Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour.
FLOR. Soft, I adjure you by the ſkipping fawns,
By the fleet roes that bound along the lawns,
Soft tread, ye Virgin-daughters of the Grove!
Nor with your dances wake my ſleeping love.
DAM. Return, O Virgin! and if proud diſdain
Arm thy fierce ſoul, return, enjoy my pain:
If pleas'd thou view'ſt a faithful lover's cares
Thick riſe, ye Sighs! in floods deſcend, ye Tears!
FLOR. Return, O Virgin! while in verdant meads
By ſprings we ſport, or dream on flow'ry beds,

She weary wanders thro' the deſert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.
DAM. Ah! ſhield her, Heav'n! your rage, ye Beaſts! forbear;
Thoſe are not limbs for ſavages to tear!
Adieu, ye Meads! with her thro' wilds I go,
O'er burning ſands or everlaſting ſnow;
With her I wander thro' the deſert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.
FLOR. Come, Roſalind! before the wintry clouds
Frown o'er th' aerial vault and ruſh in floods;
Ere raging ſtorms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may ſuffer by the ſtorms or rains.
DAM. Come, Roſalind! O come! then infant flow'rs
Shall bloom and ſmile, and form their charms by your's:
By you the lily ſhall her white compoſe,
Your bluſh ſhall add new bluſhes to the roſe;
Each flow'ry mead and ev'ry tree ſhall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.
FLOR. Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way
While ſultry ſuns infeſt the glowing day:
The ſultry ſuns thy beauties may impair—
Yet haſte away, for thou art now too fair.
DAM. Hark! from yon' bow'r what airs ſoft-warbled play!
My ſoul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
Silence, ye Nightingales!—attend the voice;
While thus it warbles all your ſongs are noiſe.
FLOR. See from the bow'r a form majeſtick moves,
And ſmoothly gliding ſhines along the groves!

Say, comes a goddefs from the golden fpheres?
A goddefs comes, or Rofalind appears!
DAM. Shine forth, thou Sun! bright ruler of the day;
And where fhe treads, ye Flow'rs! adorn the way:
Rejoice, ye Groves! my Heart! difmifs thy cares;
My goddefs comes! my Rofalind appears!

ODES.

MELANCHOLY, AN ODE,

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1723.

ADIEU vain mirth and noisy joys,
Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy! deign
To hide me in thy pensive train.

If by the fall of murm'ring floods,
Where awful shades imbrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan
Thou wand'rest silent and alone;

Come, blissful Mourner! wisely sad,
In Sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth thou, Care! my hours employ:
Sorrow! be thou henceforth my joy.

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk
Familiar with the dead I walk,
While to my sighs and groans by turns
From graves the midnight Echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O Tomb!
Tho' earth conceal me in thy womb;
And you, ye Worms! this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground.

O Life! frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one ſhort gaſp away!
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flow'r it flies:
It ſprings, it blooms, it fades, it dies!

With cries we uſher in our birth,
With groans reſign our tranſient breath;
While round, ſtern miniſters of Fate!
Pain, and Diſeaſe, and Sorrow, wait.

While childhood reigns the ſportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from play to play
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we riſe
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and ſtrength in age are loſt
Man ſeems already half a ghoſt;
Wither'd and wan to earth he bows,
A walking hoſpital of woes!

O Happineſs! thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, Gold! but ſhining earth?
Thou, common Fame! but common breath?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of publick fame applauſe is noiſe.
Ev'n victors are by conqueſt curſt:
The braveſt warriour is the worſt.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls Great, and all is ſhow:
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vaſt toyſhop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With ſolemn pace, demure, and ſlow!
Lo! ſad and ſerious I purſue
Thy ſteps,—Adieu, vain World! adieu.

THE COY,

AN ODE.

Love is a noble rich repaſt,
But ſeldom ſhould the lover taſte;
When the kind fair no more reſtrains
The glutton ſurfeits and diſdains.

To move the nymph he tears beſtows;
He vainly ſighs, he falſely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's ſon with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrours of the fight:
The thoughts of conqueſt charm'd his eyes;
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a proſpect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the diſtant ſight,
Where the tir'd travellers ſurvey
O'er hanging rocks a dang'rous way.

Ye Fair! that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind when moſt ye love:
Damon purſues if Cælia flies,
But when her love is born his dies.

Had Danae the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air;
Free from the guards and brazen tow'r,
She 'd ne'er been worth a golden ſhow'r.

IMITATIONS.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

THE ILIADS OF HOMER,

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now high advanc'd the night; o'er all the hoſt
Sleep ſhed his ſofteſt balm: reſtleſs alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.
As when with riſing vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a wat'ry deluge, or in ſtorms
Of hail or ſnow commands the goary jaws
Of War to roar, thro' all the kindling ſkies
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play;
So while Atrides meditates the war
Sighs after ſighs burſt from his manly breaſt
And ſhake his inmoſt ſoul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thouſand fires blaze dreadful! thro' his ears
Paſſes the direful ſymphony of war,
Of fife or pipe, and the loud hum of hoſts
Strikes him diſmay'd: now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in ſacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.
Thus groans the thoughtful King, at length reſolves

To ſeek the Pylian ſage, in wiſe debate
To ripen high deſigns, and from the ſword
Preſerve his banded legions. Pale and ſad
Uproſe the monarch; inſtant o'er his breaſt
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet
Glitter'd th' embroider'd ſandals; o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's ſpoils,
With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
Fierce in his hand he graſp'd a glitt'ring ſpear.
With equal care was Menelaus toſs'd;
Sleep from his temples fled: his gen'rous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cauſe
Stemm'd the proud main, and nobly ſtood in arms
Confronting death. A le'pard's ſpotted ſpoils
Terrifick clad his limbs; a brazen helm
Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a ſpear.
Forth from his tent the royal Spartan ſtrode
To wake the King of Men: him wak'd he found
Claſping his poliſh'd arms: with riſing joy
The heroes meet; the Spartan thus began:
"Why thus in arms, my Prince! Send'ſt thou ſome ſpy
"To view the Trojan hoſt? alas! I fear
"Leſt the moſt dauntleſs ſons of glorious war
"Shrink at the bold deſign. This taſk demands
"A ſoul reſolv'd to paſs the gloo... of night,
"And 'midſt her legions ſearch the pow'rs of Troy."
"O Prince!" he cries, "in this diſaſtrous hour
"Greece all our counſel claims; now, now demands

" Our deepeſt cares. The Pow'r Omnipotent
" Frowns on our arms, but ſmiles with aſpect mild
" On Hector's incenſe. Heav'ns! what ſon of Fame
" Renown'd in ſtory e'er ſuch deeds achiev'd
" In a whole life as in one glorious day
" This fav'rite of the ſkies? and yet a man!
" A mortal! born to die! but ſuch his deeds
" As future Grecians ſhall repeat with tears
" To children yet unborn.—But haſte, repair
" To Ajax and Idomeneus; we wake
" Ourſelf the Pylian ſage; to keep the guards
" On duty be his care; for o'er the guards
" His ſon preſides nocturnal, and in arms
" His great compeer, Meriones the bold."
  " But ſay," rejoins the Prince, " theſe orders borne
" There ſhall I ſtay, or meaſuring back the ſhores
" To thee return?"——" No more return," replies
The King of Hoſts, " leſt treading diff'rent ways
" We meet no more; for thro' the camp the ways
" Lie intricate and various; but aloud
" Wake ev'ry Greek to martial fame and arms;
" Teach them to emulate their godlike ſires,
" And thou a while forget thy royal birth
" And ſhare a ſoldier's cares. The proudeſt king
" Is but exalted duty; and when great Jove
" Call'd us to life and gave us royal pow'r
" He gave a ſad preeminence of woes."
  He ſpoke, and to the tent of Neſtor turns

His ſtep majeſtick. On his couch he found
The hoary warriour; all around him lay
His arms, the ſhield, the ſpears, the radiant helm,
And ſcarf of various dye: with theſe array'd
The rev'rend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files; for with a brave diſdain
Old as he was he ſcorn'd the eaſe of age.
  Sudden the monarch ſtarts, and half uprais'd
Thus to the King aloud: "What art thou? ſay.
"Why in the camp alone? while others ſleep
"Why wand'reſt thou obſcure the midnight hours?
"Seek'ſt thou ſome centinel or abſent friend?
"Speak inſtant!——Silent to advance is death."
  "O pride of Greece!" the plaintive King returns,
"Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'ſt,
"A prince the moſt unhappy of mankind:
"Woes I endure which none but kings can feel,
"Which ne'er will ceaſe until forgot in death:
"Penſive I wander thro' the damp of night,
"Thro' the cold damp of night, diſtreſs'd, alone,
"And ſleep has grown a ſtranger to my eyes:
"The weight of all the war, the load of woes
"That preſſes ev'ry Greek, united falls
"On me——the cares of all the hoſt are mine;
"Grief diſcompoſes and diſtracts my thoughts;
"My reſtleſs panting heart, as if it ſtrove
"To force its priſon, beats againſt my ſides;
"My ſtrength is fail'd, and ev'n my feet refuſe
"To bear ſo great a load of wretchedneſs!

" But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
" Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
" Uſeful, the thought unfold. But riſe, my Friend!
" Viſit with me the watches of the night,
" Leſt tir'd they ſleep while Troy with all her war
" Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now,
" Arms her proud bands. Ariſe, my Friend! ariſe."
To whom the Pylian. " Think not, mighty King!
" Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
" A ſudden ſad reverſe of mighty woes
" Waits that audacious victor when in arms
" Dreadful Achilles ſhines. But now thy ſteps
" Neſtor attends: be it our care to wake
" Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
" Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
" Oilean Ajax: to the ſhips that guard
" Outmoſt the camp ſome other ſpeed his way
" To raiſe ſtern Ajax and the Cretan king.
" But love nor rev'rence to the mighty name
" Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O King!
" Shall ſtop my free rebuke. Sleep is a crime
" When Agamemnon wakes; on him it lies
" To ſhare thy martial toils, to court the peers
" To act the men: this hour claims all our cares."
" Reſerve," rejoin'd the King, " for future hours
" Thy gen'rous anger. Seems the royal youth
" Remiſs? It is not thro' indolence of ſoul,

" But deference to our pow'r; for our commands
" He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
" This night diſdaining reſt his ſteps he bent
" To our pavilion: now th' illuſtrious peers
" Rais'd at his call a choſen ſynod ſtand
" Before the gates. Haſte, Neſtor, haſte away."
To whom the ſage well pleas'd. " In ſuch brave
" No Greek will envy pow'r. With loyal joy [hands
" Subjects obey when men of worth command."
He added not, but o'er his manly breaſt
Flung a rich robe; beneath his royal feet
The glitt'ring ſandals ſhone; a ſoft large veſt,
Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
Graceful adorn'd; tipt with a ſtar of braſs
A pond'rous lance he graſp'd, and ſtrode away
To wake ſage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
He rais'd; his voice was heard, and from his tent
Inſtant Ulyſſes ſprung. " And why," he cry'd,
" Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
" What new diſtreſs invades?"——" Forgive my
Reply'd the hoary ſage; " for Greece I wake; [cares,"
" Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent:
" But haſte, our wakeful peers in council meet:
" This, this one night determines flight or war.
Swift at the word he ſeiz'd his ample ſhield
And ſtrode along; and now they bend their way
To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
Stretch'd on the earth array'd in ſhining arms,

And round his brave companions of the war:
Their ſhields ſuſtain'd their heads; erect their ſpears
Shot thro' th' illumin'd air a ſtreaming ray
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the ſkies.
Thus ſlept the chief; beneath him on the ground 165
A ſavage bull's black hide was roll'd, his head
A ſplendid carpet bore; the ſlumb'ring king
The Pylian gently with theſe words awakes: 168
"Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! ill a whole night's reſt [Troy
"Suits with the brave; and ſleep'ſt thou while proud
"Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon' joining hill
"Prepares her war? Awake, my Friend! awake."
Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave 173
This ſoft reply: "O! cruel to thy age, [ceaſe
"Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou
"To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
"To wake the peers? Unweary'd man! to bear 177
"At once the double load of toils and years!"
"'Tis true," he cry'd, "my ſubjects and my ſons
"Might eaſe a ſire and king; but reſt is a crime 180
"When on the edge of fate our country ſtands:
"Ere yet a few hours more have run their courſe,
"Important ſpace! Greece triumphs or Greece falls!
"But ſince an old man's care thy pity moves,
"Haſte, gen'rous Youth! with ſpeed to council call
"Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd 186
"Oïlean Ajax."——Straight the chief obey'd,
Straight o'er his ſhoulders flung the ſhaggy ſpoils

Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung; fierce in his hand
He graſp'd a glitt'ring ſpear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they ſat, a faithful band!
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train
When the ſtern lion, furious for his prey,
Ruſhes thro' craſhing woods, and on the fold
Springs from ſome mountain's brow, while mingled cries
Of men and hounds alarm; to ev'ry ſound
Faithful they turn; ſo thro' the gloom of night
They caſt their view, and caught each noiſe of Troy.
Now met th' illuſtrious ſynod; down they ſat,
Down on a ſpot of ground unſtain'd with blood,
Where vengeful Hector from the ſlaughter ſtay'd
His murd'rous arm when the dark veil of night
Sabled the pole; to whom thus Neſtor ſpoke:
"Lives there a ſon of Fame ſo nobly brave
"That Troyward dares to trace the dang'rous way
"To ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe, or learn what Troy
"Now meditates? to pour the flood of war
"Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
"Lead her proud legions? O! what fame would crown
"The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
"Above the ſons of men! and what rewards
"Should he receive! from ev'ry grateful peer
"A ſable ewe and lamb, of higheſt worth
"Memorial, to a brave heroick heart
"The nobleſt prize! and at the ſocial feaſt
"Amongſt the great be his the ſeat of fame."

Abaſh'd they ſat, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not ſo Tydides; unappall'd he roſe,
And nobly ſpoke: " My ſoul, O rev'rend Sage!
" Fires at the bold deſign; thro' yon' black hoſt
" Vent'rous I bend my way; but if his aid
" Some warriour lend, my courage might ariſe
" To nobler heights: the wiſe by mutual aid
" Inſtruct the wiſe, and brave men fire the brave."
Fierce at the word up ſtarted from the ground
The ſtern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion roſe,
And Thraſymedes, ſons of war; nor ſat
The royal Spartan, nor great Neſtor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus; his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.—Elate with joy
Atrides ſaw; " and O thou beſt of Friends!
" Brave Diomed!" he cries, " of all the peers
" Chuſe thou the valianteſt: when Merit pleads
" Titles no deference claim: high birth and ſtate
" To valour yield; and worth is more than pow'r."
Thus fearing for his brother ſpoke the King;
Not long, for Diomed diſpels his fears.
" Since free my choice can I forget my friend,
" The man for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
" The man whoſe dauntleſs ſoul no toils diſmay,
" Ulyſſes! lov'd by Pallas? thro' his aid
" Tho' thouſand fires oppoſe, a thouſand fires
" Oppoſe in vain; his wiſdom points the way."

"Nor praiſe nor blame," the hero ſtraight replies;
"You ſpeak to Greeks, and they Ulyſſes know.
"But haſte, ſwift roll the hours of night; the Morn
"Already haſtens to diſplay her beams,
"And in the vault of Heav'n the ſtars decay."
Swift at the word they ſheath their manly limbs
Horrid in arms; a two-edg'd ſword and ſhield
Neſtor's bold ſon to ſtern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd;
No cone adorn'd it, and no plumy creſt
Wav'd in the air; a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion, great Ulyſſes bears,
The gift of Merion; on his head an helm
Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
With many a thong; without in dreadful rows
The ſnowy tuſks of a huge ſavage boar
Grinn'd horrible! Thus arm'd away they ſtalk
Undaunted. O'er their heads the Martial Maid
Sends on the right an hern; the ambient gloom
Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
They hear the clangour of his ſounding wings:
Joyful the proſperous ſign Ulyſſes hail'd,
And thus to Pallas: "Offspring of dread Jove,
"Who hurls the burning bolts, O guardian Pow'r!
"Preſent in all my toils, who view'ſt my way
"Where'er I move, now thy celeſtial aid,
"Now, Goddeſs! lend: may deeds this night adorn,
"Deeds that all Troy may weep! may we return
"In ſafety by thy guidance, heav'nly Maid!"

Tydides caught the word; "And O!" he cries,
"Virgin armipotent! now grant thy aid
"As to my fire. He by the gulfy flood
"Of deep Æfopus left th' embattled bands
"Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
"Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
"Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroick deeds!
"His arm achiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
"Thus guard his offspring, O ftern queen of Arms!
"So fhall an heifer on thy altars bleed
"Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
"And point her lunar horns with burnifh'd gold."
Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their pray'r:
Then like two lions thro' the fhades of night
Dauntlefs they ftride along, and hold their way
Thro' blood and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death;
Nor pafs they far ere the fagacious eye *
Of Ithacus difcerns a diftant foe
Coafting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:
"See, o'er the plain fome Trojan bends this way,
"Perhaps to fpoil the flain; or to our host
"Comes he a fpy? beyond us o'er the field
"'Tis beft he pafs, then fudden from behind
"Rufh we precipitant; but if in flight
"His active feet prevail, thy fpear employ
"To force him on our lines, left hid in fhades
"Thro' the dufk air he re-efcape to Troy."

* V. 339.

Then couching to the ground ambuſh'd they lay
Behind a hill of ſlain: onward the ſpy
Inceſſant mov'd: he paſs'd, and now aroſe
The fierce purſuers. Dolon heard the ſound
Of trampling feet, and panting liſt'ning ſtood.
Now reach'd the chiefs within a jav'lin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! ſwift along the ſhores
He wing'd his flight, and ſwift along the ſhores
They ſtill purſu'd; as when two ſkilful hounds
Chaſe o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the ſhelt'ring brake the game they turn,
Stretch ev'ry nerve, and bear upon the prey;
So ran the chiefs, and from the hoſt of Troy
Turn'd the ſwift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
Now almoſt mingled with the guards, when lo!
The Martial Goddeſs breath'd heroick flames
Fierce on Tydides' ſoul: the hero fear'd
Leſt ſome bold Greek ſhould interpoſe a wound,
And raviſh half the glories of the night.
Furious he ſhook his lance, and "Stand," he cry'd;
"Stand, or thou dy'ſt;" then ſternly from his arm
Launch'd the wild ſpear: wilful the jav'lin err'd,
But whizzing o'er his ſhoulder deep in earth
Stood quiv'ring, and he quaking ſtopp'd aghaſt:
His teeth all chatter'd, and his ſlack knees knock'd;
He ſeem'd the bloodleſs image of pale Fear.
Panting the ſpy they ſeize, who thus with tears
Abject intreats: "Spare me, O ſpare!" he cries;

"My hoary fire your mercy fhall repay,
"Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
"With ample wealth, with fteel, with brafs, with [gold."
To whom Ulyffes artfully: "Be bold;
"Far hence the thought of death; but inftant fay
"Why thus alone in the ftill hours of night
"While ev'ry eye is clos'd? to fpoil the flain
"Com'ft thou rapacious? or fome nightly fpy
"By Hector fent? or has thy vent'rous mind
"Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?"
"By Hector fent, and by rewards undone,"
Returns the fpy, (ftill as he fpoke he fhook)
"I come unwilling: the refulgent car
"He promis'd and immortal fteeds that bear
"To fight the great Achilles. Thus betray'd
"Thro' the dun fhades of night I bend my way
"Unprofp'rous, to explore the tented hoft
"Of adverfe Greece, and learn if now, they ftand
"Wakeful on guard, or vanquifh'd by our arms
"Precipitant defert the fhores of Troy."
To whom with fmiles of fcorn the fage returns:
"Bold were thy aims, O Youth! but thofe proud [fteeds,
"Reftive, difdain the rule of vulgar hands.
"Scarce ev'n the goddefs-born, when the loud din
"Of battle roars, fubdues them, to the rein
"Reluctant. But this night where Hector fleeps
"Faithful difclofe; where ftand the warriour's fteeds;
"Where lie his arms and implements of war;

"What guards are kept nocturnal. Say what Troy
"Now meditates; to pour the tide of fight
"Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
"Transfer the war?"—"To theſe demands," he cries,
"Faithful my tongue ſhall ſpeak. The peers of Troy
"Hector in council meets; round Ilus' tomb 362
"Apart from noiſe they ſtand; no guards ſurround
"The ſpacious hoſt; where thro' the gloom yon' fires
"Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy:
"Secure th' auxiliars ſleep; no tender cares 366
"Of wife or ſon diſturb their calm repoſe;
"Safe ſleep their wives and ſons on foreign ſhores."
"But ſay, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,"
Replies the ſage, "or join the pow'rs of Troy?" 370
"Along the ſea-beat ſhores," returns the ſpy,
"The Leleges and Carians ſtretch their files;
"Near theſe the Caucons, and Pelaſgian train,
"And Pœons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
"Extended lie; on the Thymbrœan plain 375
"The Lyſians and the Myſians in array
"Spread their deep ranks; there the Mæonian bands,
"And Phrygians, range the fiery ſteeds of war.
"But why this nice enquiry? if your way
"Vent'rous you bend to ſearch the hoſt of Troy,
"There in yon' outmoſt lines, a recent aid, 381
"The Thracians lie, by Rheſus led, whoſe ſteeds
"Outſhine the ſnow, outfly the winged winds:
"With glitt'ring ſilver plates and radiant gold

"His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
"Arms that may grace a god!—But to your tents
"Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains, 387
"Faſt bound with cruel chains! ſad on the ſhores
"Here leave me captive till you ſafe return,
"And witneſs to the truth my tongue unfolds." 390
To whom ſtern-frowning Diomed replies:
"Tho' every ſyllable be ſtamp'd with truth,
"Dolon! thou dy'ſt. Wouldſt thou once more return
"Darkling a ſpy, or wage, a nobler foe!
"New war on Greece? Traitor! thou dy'ſt, nor more
"New war thou wageſt nor return'ſt a ſpy." 396
He ſpoke terrifick; and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer thro' his neck deſcends; the furious blow 399
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the [head,
And mutters unintelligible ſounds.
Straight they deſpoil the dead; the wolf's grey hide
They ſeize, the helm, the ſpear, and battle-bow:
Theſe as they dropp'd with gore on high in air
Ulyſſes rais'd, and to the Martial Maid 405
Thus lowly conſecrates: "Stern Pow'r of War!
"Virgin armipotent! receive theſe arms;
"Propitious to my vows thee, Goddeſs! thee
"Chiefly I call; direct our proſperous way
"To pierce the Thracian tents, to ſeize the ſteeds
"Of Rheſus, and the car that flames with gold." 411
Then fierce o'er broken arms thro' ſtreams of blood
They move along; now reach the Thracian bands

All hush'd in sleep profound; their shining arms
Rang'd in three ranks along the plain around
Illumin'd the dun air: chariot and horse
By every Thracian stood: Rhesus their king
Slept in the centre of the circling bands,
And his proud steeds were rein'd behind his car.
With joy Ulysses thro' the gloom descry'd
The sleeping King; "And lo!" he cries, "the steeds!
"Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
"Describ'd by Dolon. Now, O! now thy strength
"Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds,
"Or while the steeds I loose with slaught'ring hands
"Invade the soldiery." He spoke, and now
The queen of Arms inflam'd Tydides' soul
With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
On ev'ry side dealt fate. Low hollow groans
Murmur'd around; blood o'er the crimson field
Well'd from the slain. As in his nightly haunts
The surly lion rushes on the fold
Of sheep or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey,
So he the Thracian bands: twelve by his sword
Lay breathless on the ground: behind him stood
Sage Ithacus, and as the warriour flew
Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
Impatient of the dead. Now o'er the King
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
His heaving chest. He wak'd not, but a dream

By Pallas ſent, roſe in his anxious thoughts;
A viſionary warriour frowning ſtood
Faſt by his head, and his aerial ſword [ſteeds
Plung'd thro' his lab'ring breaſt. Meanwhile the
The ſage unbinds, and inſtant with his bow 446
Drives thro the ſleeping ranks; then to his friend
Gave ſignals of retreat: but nobler deeds
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it thro' the threefold ranks, up-borne 450
High on his ſhoulders, or with ſlaughter ſtain
Th' enſanguin'd field; when lo! the Martial Maid
Down ruſhes from the battlements of heav'n, 453
And ſudden cries, " Return, brave Chief! return,
" Leſt from the ſkies ſome guardian pow'r of Troy
" Wrathful deſcend, and rouſe the hoſtile bands."
Thus ſpeaks the Warriour queen; the heav'nly voice
Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery ſteeds, 458
Obſervant of the high command: the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents [plain.
Scourg'd the proud ſteeds: the ſteeds flew o'er the

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

THE ILIADS OF HOMER,

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Roſe in the orient to proclaim the day

To gods and men. Down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove fends Difcord, red with blood;
War in her hand fhe grafps, enfigns of war.
On brave Ulyffes' fhip fhe took her ftand,
The centre of the hoft, that all might hear
Her dreadful voice. Her dreadful voice fhe rais'd;
Jarring along the rattling fhores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes; Achilles heard,
And Ajax heard, the found. With martial fires
Now ev'ry bofom burns; arms, glorious arms!
Fierce they demand. The noble Orthian fong
Swells ev'ry heart: no coward thoughts of flight
Rife in their fouls, but blood they breathe and war.

Now by the trench * profound the charioteers
Range their proud fteeds; now car by car difplays
A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
Rufhes th' embattled foot: noife rends the fkies,
Noife unextinguifh'd. Ere the beamy day
Flam'd in th' aerial vault ftretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry: the rufhing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.
Now from his heav'ns Jove hurls his burning bolts,
Hoarfe mutt'ring thunders grumble in the fky,
While from the clouds inftead of morning-dews
Huge drops of blood diftain the crimfon ground:
Fatal prefage that in that dreadful day
The great fhould bleed, imperial heads lie low!

* V. 48.

Meantime the bands of Troy in proud array
Stand to their arms, and from a riſing ground
Breathe furious war. Here gath'ring hoſts attend
The tow'ring Hector; there refulgent bands
Surround Polydamas; Æneas there
Marſhals his dauntleſs files; nor unemploy'd
Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
And Acamas, whoſe frame the gods endow'd
With more than mortal charms. Fierce in the van
Stern Hector ſhines, and ſhakes his blazing ſhield,
As the fierce Dogſtar with malignant fires
Flames in the front of heav'n, then loſt in clouds
Veils his pernicious beams, from rank to rank
So Hector ſtrode. Now dreadful in the van
Advanc'd his ſun-broad ſhield; now to the rear
Swift ruſhing diſappear'd: his radiant arms
Blaz'd on his limbs, and, bright as Jove's dire bolts,
Flaſh'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the ſkies.
As toiling reapers in ſome ſpacious field,
Rang'd in two bands, move adverſe, rank on rank,
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
Waves nodding to the breeze, at once they bend,
At once the copious harveſt ſwells the ground;
So ruſh to battle o'er the dreadful field
Hoſt againſt hoſt. They meet, they cloſe, and ranks
Tumble on ranks. No thoughts appear of flight,
None of diſmay. Dubious in even ſcales
The battle hangs; not fiercer ravenous wolves

Difpute the prey. The deathful fcene with joy
Difcord, dire parent of tremendous woes!
Surveys exultant. Of th' immortal train
Difcord alone defcends, affifts alone
The horrours of the field. In peace the gods
High in Olympian bow'rs on radiant thrones
Lament the woes of man; but loud complaints
From ev'ry god arofe. Jove favour'd Troy;
At partial Jove they murmur'd: he unmov'd
All heav'n in murmurs heard: apart he fat
Enthron'd in glory. Down to earth he turn'd
His ftedfaft eye, and from his throne furvey'd
The rifing tow'rs of Troy, the tented fhores,
The blaze of arms, the flayer and the flain.
While with his morning wheels the god of Day
Climb'd up the fteep of heav'n, with equal rage
In murd'rous ftorms the fhafts from hoft to hoft
Flew adverfe, and in equal numbers fell
Promifc'ous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
When the tir'd woodman in the fhady vale
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the fun
Flames in the zenith, and his finewy arms
Scarce wield the pond'rous ax, while hunger keen
Admonifhes, and nature fpent with toil
Craves due repaft—then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd. Fierce from the van
Sprung the ftern King of Men *, and breathing death,

* Agamemnon, v. 148.

Where in firm battle Trojans band by band
Embody'd ſtood, purſu'd his dreadful way:
His hoſt his ſtep attends. Now glows the war;
Horſe treads on horſe, and man encount'ring man
Swells the dire field with death. The plunging ſteeds
Beat the firm glebes; thick duſt in riſing clouds
Darkens the ſky; indignant o'er the plain
Atrides ſtalks; death ev'ry ſtep attends.
As when in ſome huge foreſt ſudden flames
Rage dreadful when rough winds aſſiſt the blaze,
From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
And the vaſt foreſt ſinks with all its groves
Beneath the burning deluge; ſo whole hoſts
Yield to Atrides' arm: car againſt car
Ruſh'd rattling o'er the field, and thro' the ranks
Unguided broke, while breathleſs on the ground
Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd .
To their chaſte brides ſad ſpectacles of woe,
Now only grateful to the fowls of air.
  Meantime, the care of Jove, great Hector ſtood
Secure in ſcenes of death, in ſtorms of darts,
In ſlaughter and alarms, in duſt and blood.
  Still Agamemnon ruſhing o'er the field
Leads his bold bands; whole hoſts before him fly:
Now Ilus' tomb they paſs, now urge their way
Cloſe by the fig-tree ſhade: with ſhouts the King
Purſues the foe inceſſant: duſt and blood,
Blood mix'd with duſt, diſtains his murd'rous hands.

As when a lion in the gloom of night
Invades an herd of beeves o'er all the plains
Trembling they ſcatter, furious on the prey
The gen'rous ſavage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the laſt, his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey;
Thus fled the foe, Atrides thus purſu'd,
And ſtill the hindmoſt flew. They from their cars
Fell headlong, for his jav'lin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly. And now proud Troy had fall'n;
But the dread ſire of men and gods deſcends
Terrifick from his heav'ns! His vengeful hand
Ten thouſand thunders graſps. On Ida's heights
He takes his ſtand; it ſhakes with all its groves
Beneath the god: the god ſuſpends the war.

MONS. MAYNARD IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CORNWALLIS.

While paſt its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades,
Faint and more faint as it deſcends it ſhines,
And haſtes, alas! to ſet in ſhades.

Then ſome kind pow'r ſhall guide my ghoſt to glades
Where, ſeated by Elyſian ſprings,
Fam'd Addiſon attunes to patriot ſhades
His lyre, and Albion's glory ſings.

There round majeſtick ſhades and heroes' forms
Will throng to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm thro' factious ſtorms,
And curbs the murm'ring rebel tides.

I tell how Townſhend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathleſs fame,
And dwell at large on ſpotleſs Engliſh faith
While Walpole is the fav'rite theme.

How, nobly riſing in their country's cauſe,
The ſtedfaſt arbiters of right
Exalt the juſt and good to guard her laws,
And call forth Merit into light.

A loud applauſe around the echoing coaſt
Of all the pleas'd Elyſium flies.—
"But, Friend! what place had you," replies ſome ghoſt,
"When merit was the way to riſe?

"What deanery or prebend thine declare?"
Good Heav'ns! unable to reply,
How like a ſtupid idiot I ſhould ſtare?
An anſwer, good my Lord! ſupply.

AN EXPLICATION

Of the Battle between the Gods and Giants.

It is the opinion of many learned men that the fable of The Battle between the Gods and the Giants is a phyfical allegory, invented by the Ancients not only to denote the war between the fuperiour and inferiour elements in their original chaos, but in particular to exprefs the nature of the winds enclofed in the bowels of the earth, which ftruggling for enlargement have been fuppofed to be the caufes of earthquakes and other dreadful commotions: but the allegory is not to be confined folely to the winds; the fubterraneous fires are likewife denoted by it, which burfting from the earth (as from Ætna and Vefuvius) as it were affault the fkies, and war with the fuperiour elements. Thefe are the Titans that hurl rocks againft the Gods; thefe are the Jupiter and Typhoeus of the Ancients; for Jupiter in their Mythology conftantly reprefents the fuperiour element. Virgil is fcarce more than a true hiftorian in his defcription of Ætna;

> Interdum fcopulos, avulfaq; vifcera montis
> Erigit eructans, liquefactaq; faxa fub auras
> Cum gemitu glomerat.———

That poet directly applies thefe commotions to one of the Giants who is fabled to have warred with Heaven; an argument that he underftood that fiction to be a phyfical allegory.

> Fama eſt, Enceladi ſemuſtum fulmine corpus
> Urgere mole hac, ingentemq; inſuper Ætnam
> Impoſitam, ruptis flammam expirare Caminis:
> Et, feſſum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
> Murmure Trinacriam. *Æn. iii.*

This interpretation will give great light to the following tranſlation from Heſiod's Theogony.

When we read that the earth and the poles ſhook in the conflict, this we eaſily ſolve from the nature of earthquakes and the violence of lightning and thunder. When rocks and hills are ſaid to be removed by the Giants it is literally true, as appears from the beſt deſcriptions of burning mountains. When thoſe monſters are feigned to be buried beneath them, we are to underſtand that the lodgement of ſubterraneous fires is in the entrails of mountains, and muſt be ſo according to true philoſophy; for the internal fires, by a continual rarefaction and expanſion of the encloſed air, heave up the ground till it ſwells into a mountain, or breaks out into fiery eruptions. Thus alſo when we read of the ſtructure beneath the earth framed by Neptune, from whence all rivers and fountains riſe, we are to have recourſe to the opinions of the Ancients, who imagined that not only fountains but rivers were fed by ſecret channels from the ocean, that is, from Neptune, the god of it. By the waters that float in the air are meant the vapours exhaled from the ſeas, *&c.* which fall in hail, ſnow, dew, or rain. When Jupiter is ſaid to blaſt Typhoeus with

lightning, we are taught a piece of natural philosophy, *viz.* that the mines of sulphur lodged in the earth are fired by lightning, which occasions violent eruptions; or, as the fable expresses it, a war between Jupiter and Typhoeus. The allegory further adds that storms are raised by Typhoeus: and it is a certain truth that from the chasms and vents on the tops of burning mountains a continual wind issues forth, occasioned by the rarefaction of the enclosed air, which consequently ascends and breaks out with violence. And indeed the winds were anciently imagined to rise from the earth; hence the poets feigned that Æolus kept them imprisoned in a dungeon, and when he let them out they caused storms and hurricanes. Thus Virgil;

> ——Hic vasto Rex Æolus Antro
> Luctantes ventos, Tempestatesque sonoras
> Imperio premit.

From this Explication the reader will not be surprised when he sees the description of the variety of noises uttered by Typhoeus;

> Now bellowing like a savage bull they roar,
> Or angry lions in the midnight hour, &c.

They happily represent the dreadful uproar made by the violence of the fiery eruptions, and the hundred mouths of the Giants mean only the number of the vents through which they issue at one time. It is not difficult to explain why the day and the night are

imagined to reside alternately behind Atlas, and why he is feigned to support the heavens. Atlas is an exceeding high mountain, and for that reason is fabled to sustain the spheres; and because such high hills intercept the beams of the sun the night and the day are said to reside behind them. And thus we still describe the beginning and conclusion of the day by saying the sun rises above the eastern or sinks behind the western hills.

Milton has not only made great use of Hesiod's Battle of the Gods in his war between the good and bad angels in his Paradise Lost, but almost literally translated the foregoing incident;

> ———There is a cave
> Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
> Where light and darkness in perpetual round
> Lodge and dislodge, &c.

Homer, in the xxi. book of The Iliad, has described a battle between the gods perhaps less successfully than other incidents of his inimitable poem. Hesiod upon comparison will be found here, and here only, equal if not superiour to that poet in sublimity. What seems chiefly blameable in Hesiod is his want of variety: almost all his images are drawn from thunder, earthquakes, and conflagrations; which however noble offend the reader by a too frequent repetition; whereas Homer abounds with a greater variety, which arises from the greater fertility of his invention.

I will only add that the four cardinal winds, which are faid to be of a gentle nature, and to be fent from heaven, are defcribed in that manner to denote the tranquillity of the fuperiour regions; and that when the poet tells us that Jupiter fubdued the Titans, and reigned in peace, he means that the fuperiour elements, after their original conflict in the chaos, gained their natural ftation, and continue in tranquillity; or, in other words, that whatever commotions the inferiour elements may occafion in the fuperiour, yet at laft they fettle into order and harmony.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE BATTLE

OF THE

GODS AND TITANS,

From the Theogony of Heſiod, with a Deſcription of Tartarus, &c.

——μάχην δ' ἀμέγαρτον ἔγειραν
Πάντες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

Now ſounds the vault of heav'n with loud alarms,
And Gods by Gods embatt'ling ruſh to arms:
Here ſtalk the Titans of protentous ſize,
Burſt from their dungeons and aſſault the ſkies;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Auxiliar Giants † aid the Gods in fight.
An hundred arms each tow'r-like warriour rears,
And ſtares from fifty heads amid the ſtars:
The dreadful brotherhood ſtern-frowning ſtands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands:
The Titans ruſh'd with fury uncontroll'd;
Gods ſunk on Gods, or Giant Giant roll'd.

† Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful found,
Heav'n fhook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground;
Trembled th' eternal poles at ev'ry ftroke,
And frighted Hell from its foundation fhook:
Noife, horrid noife! th' aerial region fills,
Rocks dafh on rocks, and hills encounter hills:
Thro' earth, air, heav'n, tumult'ous clamours rife,
And fhouts of battle thunder in the fkies:
Then Jove omnipotent difplay'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod.
He grafps ten thoufand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts and bids his lightnings play;
They flafh, and rend thro' heav'n their flaming way.
Redoubling blow on blow in wrath he moves,
The fing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves:
The floods, the billows, boiling hifs with fires,
And bick'ring flame and fmould'ring fmoke afpires.
A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:
Ev'n Chaos burns. Again earth groans, heav'n roars,
As tumbling downward with its fhining tow'rs;
Or burft this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire difruption from her deepeft bafe.
Nor flept the wind; the wind new horrour forms,
Clouds dafh on clouds before th' outrageous ftorms,
While tearing up the fands in drifts they rife,
And half the deferts mount th' encumber'd fkies.

At once the tempeſt bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the ſky.
Stupendous were the deeds of heav'nly might!
What leſs when gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now Heav'n its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And ſlow and ſour recede the Giant pow'rs.
Here ſtalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves:
Theſe hurl'd at once againſt the Titan bands
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands,
And overſhadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground.
Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie
Thro' ſpace unmeaſur'd from the ſtarry ſky,
Nine days an anvil of enormous weight
Down ruſhing headlong from th' aerial height
Scarce reaches earth, thence toſs'd in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds;
A wall of iron of ſtupendous height
Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold night;
High o'er the horrours of th' eternal ſhade
The ſtedfaſt baſe of earth and ſeas is laid;
There in coercive durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains;
A ſeat of woe! remote from cheerful day,
Thro' gulfs impaſſable, a boundleſs way!
Above theſe realms a brazen ſtructure ſtands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;

Thro' chaos to the ocean's baſe it ſwells,
There ſtern Ægeon with his Giants dwells,
Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains riſe
That waſh the earth or wander thro' the ſkies,
That groaning murmur thro' the realm of woes,
Or feed the channels where the ocean flows:
Collected horrours throng the dire abodes,
Horrid and fell! deteſted ev'n by gods.
Enormous gulf! immenſe the bounds appear,
Waſteful and void! the journey of a year;
Where beating ſtorms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toſs the pale wand'rer, and retoſs thro' night.
The pow'rs immortal with affright ſurvey
The hideous chaſm, and ſeal it up from day.
　Hence thro' the vault of heav'n huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden ſpheres.
Here ſable Night and here the beamy Day
Lodge and diſlodge, alternate in their ſway.
A brazen port the varying pow'rs divides;
When Day forth iſſues here the Night reſides;
And when Night veils the ſkies obſequious Day,
Re-ent'ring, plunges from the ſtarry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light;
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in ſhades,
Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades;
From her foul womb* they ſprung, reſiſtleſs pow'rs!
Nurs'd in the horrours of Tartarean bow'rs,

* Of Night.

Remote from Day when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the ſkies or paints the weſtern hills.
With downy footſteps Sleep in ſilence glides
O'er the wide earth and o'er the ſpacious tides,
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares:
She makes the mould'ring race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal pow'rs deteſt her ſway.
  Thus fell the Titans * from th' realms above
Beneath the thunders of almighty Jove;
Then Earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And ſhook thro' all her frame with teeming throes:
Hence roſe Typhoeus, a gigantick birth,
A monſter ſprung from Tartarus and Earth,
A match for gods in might! On high he ſpreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons' heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred ſtings.
Horrour terrifick frowns from ev'ry brow,
And like a furnace his red eyeballs glow;
Fires dart from ev'ry creſt, and as he turns
Keen ſplendours flaſh, and all the Giant burns.
Whene'er he ſpeaks in echoing thunders riſe
An hundred voices, and affright the ſkies;
Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
Frequent they ſhake, and terrify the gods:
Now bellowing like a ſavage bull they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;

* 820.

Now yell like furious whelps, or hiſs like ſnakes,
The rocks rebound, and ev'ry mountain ſhakes:
He hurl'd defiance 'gainſt th' immortal pow'rs,
And heav'n had ſeiz'd with all its ſhining tow'rs,
But at the voice of Jove from pole to pole
Red lightnings flaſh, and raging thunders roll;
Rattling o'er all th' expanſion of the ſkies
Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
Stern frowns the God amidſt the lightnings' blaze,
Olympus ſhakes from his eternal baſe;
Trembles the earth; fierce flame involves the poles,
Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls:
Fires from Typhoeus flaſh: with dreadful ſound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground!
Above, below, the conflagration roars;
Ev'n the ſeas kindled burn thro' all their ſhores:
Deluge of fire! earth rocks her tott'ring coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Then in full wrath Jove all the God applies,
And all his thunders burſt at once the ſkies,
And ruſhing gloomy from th' Olympian brow
He blaſts the Giant with th' Almighty blow;
The Giant tumbling ſinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground.
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty ſtay,
Thro' the ſing'd earth they burſt their burning way;

Earth kindling inward melts in all her caves,
And hiſſing floats with fierce metallick waves;
As iron fuſile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove ſtern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames
Thus melted earth, and Jove from realms on high
Plung'd the huge Giant to the nether ſky.
  Then from Typhoeus ſprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings and thunder in the air;
But from the Gods deſcend, of milder kind!
The Eaſt, the Weſt, the South, and Boreal wind:
Theſe in ſoft whiſpers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play thro' the groves or ſport upon the ſeas;
They fan the ſultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying ſails;
The reſt in ſtorms of ſounding whirlwinds fly,
Toſs the wild waves and battle in the ſky,
Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores;
Then thund'ring o'er the earth they rend their way,
Graſs, herb, and flow'r, beneath their rage decay;
While tow'rs and domes, vain boaſts of human truſt!
Torn from their inmoſt baſe, are whelm'd in duſt.
  Thus Heav'n aſſerted its eternal reign
O'er the proud Giants and Titanick train;
And now in peace the Gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of heav'n adore his ſway.

THE LOVE OF JASON & MEDEA,

FROM APOLLONIUS RHODIUS,

BOOK III. VER. 743.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγεν κνέφας, &c.

Advertiſement.

THE tranſlator has taken the liberty, in the following verſion from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the Story of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the ſubject, yet hopes that a due connexion is not wanting; and that the reader will not be diſpleaſed with theſe ſhort ſketches from a poet who is affirmed to be every where ſublime by no leſs a critick than Longinus, and from whom many verſes are borrowed by ſo great a poet as Virgil.

Now riſing ſhades a ſolemn gloom diſplay
O'er the wide earth and o'er th' ethereal way;
All night the ſailor marks the Northern Team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam;
A deep repoſe the weary wand'rer ſhares,
And the faint watchman ſleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother while all breathleſs lies
Her child of love in ſlumber ſeals her eyes:

No ſound of village-dog, no noiſe, invades
The death-like ſilence of the midnight ſhades.
Alone Medea wakes; to love a prey
Reſtleſs ſhe rolls, and groans the night away.
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
She thinks on Jaſon, and for Jaſon fears:
In ſad review on horrours horrours riſe;
Quick beats her heart; from thought to thought ſhe flies:
As from repleniſh'd urns with dubious ray
The ſunbeams dancing from the ſurface play,
Now here now there the trembling radiance falls,
Alternate flaſhing round th' illumin'd walls;
Thus flutt'ring bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her ſhining eyes deſcends a flood.
Now raving with reſiſtleſs flames ſhe glows,
Now ſick with love ſhe melts with ſofter woes:
The tyrant god, of ev'ry thought poſſeſt,
Beats in each pulſe, and ſtings and racks her breaſt.
Now ſhe reſolves the magick to betray
To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey.
Again the drugs diſdaining to ſupply,
She loathes the light, and meditates to die:
Anon repelling with a brave diſdain
The coward thought, ſhe nouriſhes the pain.
Thus toſt, retoſt, with furious ſtorms of cares
On the cold ground ſhe rolls, and thus with tears:
"Ah me! where'er I turn before my eyes
"A dreadful view: on ſorrows ſorrows riſe!

"Toſs'd in a giddy whirl of ſtrong deſire
"I glow, I burn, yet bleſs the pleaſing fire!
"O had this ſpirit from its priſon fled,
"By Dian ſent to wander with the dead,
"Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian ſkies,
"Ere Jaſon, lovely Jaſon! met theſe eyes.
"Hell gave the ſhining miſchief to our coaſt;
"Medea ſaw him, and Medea is loſt.——
"But why theſe ſorrows? if the pow'rs on high
"His death decree, die, wretched Jaſon! die.
"Shall I elude my fire? my art betray?
"Ah me! what words ſhall purge the guilt away?
"But could I yield——O whither muſt I run
"To find the man——whom virtue bids me ſhun?
"Shall I, all loſt to ſhame, to Jaſon fly?
"And yet I muſt—if Jaſon bleeds I die!
"Then, Shame! farewell: adieu for ever, Fame!
"Hail, black Diſgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
"Live, Jaſon! live; enjoy the vital air;
"Live thro' my aid, and fly where winds can bear!
"But when he flies, ye Poiſons! lend your pow'rs!
"That day Medea treads th' infernal ſhores!
"Then, wretched Maid! thy lot is endleſs ſhame;
"Then the proud dames of Colchis blaſt thy name:
"I hear them cry—"The falſe Medea is dead
"Thro' guilty paſſion for a ſtranger's bed;
"Medea, careleſs of her virgin fame,
"Preferr'd a ſtranger to a father's name!"

"O may I rather yield this vital breath
"Than bear that baſe diſhonour, worſe than death!"
Thus wail'd the fair, and ſeiz'd with horrid joy
Drugs foes to life, and potent to deſtroy;
A magazine of death! Again ſhe pours
From her ſwoln eyeballs tears in ſhining ſhow'rs;
With grief inſatiate and with trembling hands
All comfortleſs the caſk of death expands:
A ſudden fear her lab'ring ſoul invades,
Struck with the horrours of th' infernal ſhades:
She ſtands deep-muſing with a faded brow,
Abſorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converſe and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her boſom play,
Endearing life and charm deſpair away.
Th' all-cheering ſuns with ſweeter light ariſe,
And ev'ry object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drugs ſhe throws,
Conſents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Reſolv'd the magick virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day.
Time ſeems to ſtand, or backward drive his wheels;
The hours ſhe chides, and eyes the eaſtern hills.
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The ſhades diſperſe, and man awakes to cares.
Studious to pleaſe, her graceful length of hair
With art ſhe binds, that wanton'd with the air;

From her soft cheek she wipes the tear away,
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours,
Unguents that breathe of heav'n in copious show'rs.
Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
Close to the less'ning waist the robe infold;
Down from her swelling loins the rest unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Last with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.
  Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the present blind.
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r,
Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car the mules, dire rites to pay;
To Hecate's black fane she bends her way:
A juice she bears whose magick virtue tames
(Thro' fell Persephone) the rage of flames;
It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the sword; the sword without a wound
Leaps as from marble shiver'd to the ground:
She mounts the car *; nor rode the nymph alone;
On either side two lovely damsels shone:
Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controls,
Back fly the streets as swift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
The domes retreat, the sinking tow'rs decay.

* 869.

Bare to the knee ſuccinct a damſel train
Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
As when her limbs divine Diana laves
In fair Parthenius or th' Amneſian waves,
Sublime in royal ſtate the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows,
Swift to her fane in pomp the goddeſs moves,
The nymphs attend that haunt the ſhady groves,
Th' Amneſian fount or ſilver-ſtreaming rills,
Nymphs of the vales or Oreads of the hills,
The fawning beaſts before the goddeſs play,
Or trembling, ſavage adoration pay;
Thus on her car ſublime the nymph appears,
The crowd falls back, and as ſhe moves reveres:
Swift to the fane aloft her courſe ſhe bends,
The fane ſhe reaches, and to earth deſcends;
Then to her train—" Ah me! I fear we ſtray,
" Miſled by Folly to this lonely way!
" Alas! ſhould Jaſon with his Greeks appear
" Where ſhould we fly? I fear, alas! I fear!
" No more the Colchian youths and virgin train
" Haunt the cool ſhade or tread in dance the plain.
" But ſince alone—with ſports beguile the hours;
" Come, chaunt the ſong, or pluck the blooming " flow'rs;
" Pluck ev'ry ſweet to deck your virgin bow'rs!"
Then warbling ſoft * ſhe lifts her heav'nly voice,
But ſick with mighty love the ſong is noiſe:

* 947.

She hears from ev'ry note a discord rise,
Till, pausing, on her tongue the musick dies:
She hates each object, ev'ry face offends;
In ev'ry wish her soul to Jason sends;
With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores
To find the object whom her soul adores:
At ev'ry whisper of the passing air
She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there.
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
He comes! her Jason shines along the plain!
As when emerging from the wat'ry way
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray
He shines terrifick, for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
Bright author of unutterable woes!
Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead;
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd without motion, as to earth she grew.
Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
In silent wonder and in still amaze:
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow,
Erect and motionless the stately trees
A while remain while sleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
Bends their proud tops and bids their boughs resound;

Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
Strongly at length inſpir'd they ſpeak, they move;
With ſmiles the loveſick virgin he ſurvey'd,
And fondly thus addreſs'd the blooming maid:
" Diſmiſs, my Fair! my Love! thy virgin fear;
" 'Tis Jaſon ſpeaks; no enemy is here.
" Man, haughty Man! is of obdurate kind,
" But Jaſon bears no proud inhuman mind,
" By gentleſt manners, ſofteſt arts, refin'd.
" Whom wouldſt thou fly? Stay, lovely Virgin! ſtay;
" Speak ev'ry thought; far hence be fears away.
" Speak, and be truth in ev'ry accent found;
" Dread to deceive; we tread on hallow'd ground*.
" By the ſtern Pow'r who guards this ſacred place,
" By the illuſtrious authors of thy race;
" By Jove, to whom the ſtranger's cauſe belongs,
" To whom the ſuppliant, and who feels their wrongs,
" O guard me, ſave me, in the needful hour!
" Without thy aid thy Jaſon is no more!
" To thee a ſuppliant in diſtreſs I bend,
" To thee a ſtranger, and who wants a friend!
" Then when between us ſeas and mountains riſe
" Medea's name ſhall ſound in diſtant ſkies;
" All Greece to thee ſhall owe her heroes' fates,
" And bleſs Medea thro' her hundred ſtates:
" The mother and the wife, who now in vain
" Roll their ſad eyes faſt-ſtreaming o'er the main,

* The Temple of Hecate.

"Shall ſtay their tears; the mother and the wife
"Shall bleſs thee for a ſon's or huſband's life!
"Fair Ariadne, ſprung from Minos' bed,
"Sav'd the brave Theſeus, and with Theſeus fled;
"Forſook her father and her native plain,
"And ſtemm'd the tumults of the ſurging main;
"Yet the ſtern ſire relented, and forgave
"The maid, whoſe only crime it was to ſave;
"Ev'n the juſt gods forgave; and now on high
"A ſtar ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the ſky.
"What bleſſings then ſhall righteous Heav'n decree
"For all our heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by thee?
"Heav'n gave thee not to kill ſo ſoft an air,
"And Cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair!"
He ceas'd, but left ſo charming on her ear
His voice, that liſt'ning ſtill ſhe ſeem'd to hear:
Her eye to earth ſhe bends with modeſt grace,
And Heav'n in ſmiles is open'd in her face:
A glance ſhe ſteals, but roſy bluſhes ſpread
O'er her fair cheek, and then ſhe drops her head:
A thouſand words at once to ſpeak ſhe tries
In vain—but ſpeaks a thouſand with her eyes.
Trembling the ſhining caſket ſhe expands,
Then gives the magick virtue to his hands;
And had the pow'r been granted to convey
Her heart—had giv'n her very heart away.

THE STORY OF TALUS,

FROM APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, BOOK IV. VER. 1629.

'Ημος δ' ἠέλιος μὲν ἔδυ, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀστὴρ
Αὔλιος, &c.

THE following verſes from Apollonius will appear very extravagant unleſs we have recourſe to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his Minos thus writes: "Talus and "Rhadamanthus were the aſſiſtants of Minos in the exe- "cution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to viſit "all parts of Crete thrice every year to enforce them "with the utmoſt ſeverity. The poet alludes to this cuſtom "in theſe words;

"Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year explores
"The trembling iſle, and ſtrides from ſhores to ſhores."

"Talus is fabled to be formed of braſs, becauſe the laws "which he carried with him in his circuit were engraven "upon brazen tables. It is not improbable but the fable of "the burſting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which "he died, aroſe from the manner of puniſhment practiſed "by him, which was by opening a vein above the ankles of "criminals, by which they bled to death."

THE ev'ning ſtar now lifts, as daylight fades,
His golden circlet in the deep'ning ſhades:
Stretch'd at his eaſe the weary lab'rer ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares:
At once in ſilence ſink the ſleeping gales,
The maſt they * drop, and furl the flagging ſails;

* Argonauts.

All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky ſhores;
Thence Crete they view emerging from the main,
The queen of iſles! but Crete they view in vain;
There Talus, whirling with reſiſtleſs ſway
Rocks ſheer uprent, repels them from the bay;
A giant ſprung from giant race, who took
Their births from entrails of the ſtubborn oak;
Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove aſſiſtant giv'n
To legiſlators † ſtyl'd the ſons of Heav'n:
To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
The trembling iſle, and ſtrides from ſhores to ſhores:
A form of living braſs! one part beneath
Alone he bears a path to let in death,
Where o'er the ankle ſwells the turgid vein,
Soft to the ſtroke, and ſenſible of pain.
And now her magick ſpells ‡ Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus, riſe,
That ſtarting dreadful from th' infernal ſhade
Ride heav'n in ſtorms, and all that breathes invade.
Thrice ſhe applies the pow'r of magick pray'r,
Thrice hellward bending mutters charms in air;
Then turning tow'rd the foe bids miſchief fly,
And looks deſtruction as ſhe points her eye;
Then ſpectres riſing from Tartarean bow'rs
Howl round in air or grin along the ſhores;
While tearing up whole hills * the giant throws
Outrag'ous rocks on rocks to cruſh the foes;

† Minos and Rhadamanthus. ‡ Ver. 1665. * Ver. 1679.

But frantick as he ſtrides a ſudden wound
Burſts the life vein, and blood o'erſpreads the ground;
As from the furnace in a burning flood
Pours molten lead, ſo pours in ſtreams his blood:
And now he ſtaggers as the ſpirit flies;
He faints, he ſinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
As ſome huge cedar on a mountain's brow
Pierc'd by the ſteel expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate ſway,
Till freſh'ning breezes thro' the branches play,
Then tumbling downward with a thund'ring ſound
Falls headlong and o'erſpreads a breadth of ground;
So as the giant falls the ocean roars,
Outſtretch'd he lies, and covers half the ſhores.

HORACE, ODE I.

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS! whoſe high lineage ſprings
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and Friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.
There are who with fond tranſport praiſe
The chariot thund'ring in the race,
Where conqueſt won and palms beſtow'd
Lift the proud mortal to a god.
The man who courts the people's voice,
And dotes on offices and noiſe,
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous Nature yields,

Unmov'd the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happineſs for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To ſtem the billows of the main.
The merchant when the ſtorm invades
Envies the quiet of the ſhades,
But ſoon relanches from the ſhore,
Dreading the crime of being poor.
Some careleſs waſte the mirthful day
With gen'rous wines and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour
By ſpring, or rill, or ſhade, or bow'r.
Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets that alarm to war,
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their ſons to arms and death.
The ſportſman, train'd in ſtorms, defies
The chilling blaſt and freezing ſkies:
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft Beauty pleads: along the plain
The ſtag he chaſes, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils.
For you the blooming ivy * grows,
Proud to adorn your learned brows;
Patron of letters you ariſe,
Grow to a god, and mount the ſkies.
Humbly in breezy ſhades I ſtray
Where Sylvans dance and Satyrs play,

* Te Doctarum Hederæ, &c.

Contented to advance my claim
Only o'er men without a name,
Transcribing what the Muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.
But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyrick train,
Aloft the tow'ring Muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

SIXTEEN ODES OF ANACREON*.

ODE XV. HAPPY LIFE.

The wealth of Gyges I despise;
Gems are useless glitt'ring toys:
Gold I leave and such vain things
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow:
The present moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next perhaps to die.
Then while the hour serenely shines
Toss the gay die and quaff thy wines;
But ever in the genial hour
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest Death in wrath approach and cry,
"Man!—taste no more the cup of joy."

* First published in The Gent. Mag. and afterwards inserted in the Translations of Anacreon published by Mr Fawkes.

ODE XVI. POWER OF BEAUTY.

Some ſing of Thebes, and ſome deſtroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy:
I mourn, alas! in plaintive ſtrains
My own captivity and chains.
  No navy rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horſeman, arm'd to ſlay
My peace alarm: far other foes,
Far other hoſts, create my woes;
Strange dang'rous hoſts! that ambuſh'd lie
In ev'ry bright love-darting eye;
Such as deſtroy when Beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX. TO HIS MISTRESS.

The gods o'er mortals prove their ſway,
And ſteal them from themſelves away;
Transform'd by their almighty hands
Sad Niobe an image ſtands;
And Philomel, upborne on wings,
Thro' air her mournful ſtory ſings.
  Would Heav'n, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wiſh allow,
The envy'd mirror I would be,
That thou might'ſt always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear
Thou 'dſt ſee thyſelf—for thou art there.

O were I made thy folding veſt,
That thou might'ſt claſp me to thy breaſt!
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy boſom-cincture I would grow
To warm thoſe little hills of ſnow;
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant ſtreams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of ſhining pearl—to deck
And cloſe embrace thy graceful neck:
A very ſandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

Alas! alas! I ſee each day
Steals me from myſelf away,
And ev'ry ſtep of life I tread
I ſpeed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are paſt, my Friends!
I know, and there my knowledge ends:
How many years are ſtill in ſtore
I neither can nor would explore.
Then ſince the hours inceſſant fly
They all ſhall find me crown'd with joy.
To thoſe my cares I here bequeath
Who meanly die for fear of death,
And daily with aſſiduous ſtrife
Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.

Then, Care! begone; I 'd dance and play;
Hence with thy ſerious face away!
I 'll laugh, and whilſt gay wine inflames
I 'll court the laughter-loving dames,
And ſtudy to reſign my breath
In ecſtaſy, and ſmile in death.

ODE XXV. IMITATED.

Bring me, O bring the enliv'ning draught,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought!
Then Care retires, aſham'd to ſhow
His downcaſt eye and faded brow.
I baniſh bus'neſs to the great,
To all that curſe yet covet ſtate.
Death haſtes amain; then who would run
To meet what moſt he ſtrives to ſhun?
Or antedate the dreadful day
By cares, and aid the fiend to ſlay?
If tears could bribe his dreadful pow'rs
I 'd weep, and bleſs the precious ſhow'rs;
But let our lot be joy or woe
Alike he ſpeeds to ſtrike the blow.
Then crown the bowl!—ye Sorrows! fly
To kill ſome wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

Now bring, by all the pow'rs divine!
Bring me a bowl of roſy wine;

A mighty bowl of wine I crave;
When wine inspires it is ſweet to rave.
In frantick rage Alcmæon drew
His falchion: and his mother flew *:
Oreſtes in a furious mood
Raving ſhed his mother's blood †.
Dreadful ſober madmen they!——
None, harmleſs drunkard! none I ſlay.
The blood of grapes I only crave;
I quaff it, and it is ſweet to rave.
Alcides frantick graſp'd his bow,
His quiver rattled ſtor'd with woe:
Stern Ajax ſhook his glitt'ring blade,
And broad his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd:
Dangerous madman! how he drew
His ſword, and hoſts in fancy flew!
I, peaceful I! no falchion wield;
I bend no bow, I poiſe no ſhield:
The flow'ry garland crowns my hairs,
My hand the pow'rful goblet bears;
The pow'rful goblet, nobly brave,
I drain, and then it is ſweet to rave.

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules;
I leave debates to learned fools
Who ſolemnly in form adviſe,
At beſt impertinently wiſe.
To me more pleaſing precepts give,
And teach the ſcience how to live;

* Eryphile. † Clytemneſtra.

To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that ſpring from too much thought;
To learn ſoft leſſons from the fair
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I 'm old! I ſee my head
With hoary locks by Time o'erſpread;
Then inſtant be the goblet brought
To make me young—at leaſt in thought.
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day
When I muſt mix with common clay,
When I muſt tread the diſmal ſhore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII. THE SPRING.

See! winter is paſt; the ſeaſons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring,
At whoſe approach the Graces wear
Freſh honours in their flowing hair;
The raging ſeas forget to roar,
And, ſmiling, gently kiſs the ſhore;
The ſportive duck in wanton play
Now dives, now riſes into day;
The cranes from freezing ſkies repair,
And ſailing float to warmer air:
Th' enlivening ſuns in glory riſe
And gayly dance along the ſkies.
The clouds diſperſe, or if in ſhow'rs
They fall it is to awake the flow'rs.
See! verdure clothes the teeming earth,
The olive ſtruggles into birth;

The ſwelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promiſe future wine:
Bleſt juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. GAY LIFE.

Give me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the ſound my breaſt inſpire!
But with no troubleſome delight
Of arms and heroes ſlain in fight:
Let it play no conqueſts here,
Or conqueſts only o'er the fair.
Boy! reach that volume—book divine!
The Statutes of the god of Wine!
He, legiſlator, ſtatutes draws,
And I his judge enforce his laws,
And faithful to the weighty truſt
Compel his vot'ries to be juſt.
Thus round the bowl impartial flies
Till to the ſprightly dance we riſe:
We friſk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious ſound,
Then pour forth with an heat divine
Rapturous ſongs that breathe of wine.

ODE L.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

See! ſee the Jolly God appears,
His hand a mighty goblet bears;
With ſparkling Wine full-charg'd it flows,
The ſov'reign cure of 'uman woes.

Wine gives a kind releafe from care,
And courage to fubdue the fair;
Inftructs the cheerful to advance
Harmonious in the fprightly dance.
Hail, Goblet! rich with gen'rous Wines;
See! round the verge a vinebranch twines:
See! how the mimick clufters roll,
As ready to refill the bowl!
Wine keeps its happy patients free
From ev'ry painful malady;
Our beft phyfician all the year,
Thus guarded no difeafe we fear,
No troublefome difeafe of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health—new Wine.

ODE LII.

GRAPES OF THE VINTAGE.

Iö! the Vintage now is done,
And black'ned with th' autumnal fun
The Grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The fweeteft product of the year!
In vats the heav'nly load they lay,
And fwift the damfels trip away;
The youths alone the Winepref s tread,
For Wine is by fkilful drunkards made:
Meantime the mirthful fong they raife,
Iö! Bacchus, to thy praife;
And eyeing the bleft juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draug[ht]

Gayly thro' Wine the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are grey.
Thro' Wine the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the ſilence of the groves,
Where ſtretch'd beneath th' embow'ring ſhade
He ſpies ſome love-inſpiring maid;
On beds of roſy ſweets ſhe lies,
Inviting Sleep to cloſe her eyes:
Faſt by her ſide his limbs he throws,
Her hand he preſſes—breathes his vows,
And cries, "My Love! my Soul! comply
"This inſtant, or, alas! I die."
In vain the youth perſuaſion tries;
In vain—her tongue at leaſt denies:
Then ſcorning death, thro' dull deſpair
He ſtorms th' unwilling willing fair;
Bleſſing the Grapes that could diſpenſe
The happy, happy, impudence.

ODE LIII. THE ROSE.

Come, Lyriſt! tune thy harp, and play
Reſponſive to my vocal lay;
Gently touch it while I ſing
The Roſe, the glory of the ſpring.
To heav'n the Roſe in fragrance flies,
The ſweeteſt incenſe of the ſkies.
Thee, joy of earth! when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waſte of flow'rs,

The gayly-ſmiling Graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair;
Thee Venus queen of Beauty loves,
And crown'd with thee more graceful moves.
  In fabled ſong and tuneful lays
Their fav'rite Roſe the Muſes praiſe.
To pluck the Roſe the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers ſtain,
Nor dread the pointed terrours round
That threaten and inflict a wound.
See how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiſs now ſnuff the fragrant joy!
  The Roſe the poets ſtrive to praiſe,
And for it would exchange their bays:
O! ever to the ſprightly feaſt
Admitted, welcome, pleaſing Gueſt!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And Roſy wreathes adorn our brows.
  Lovely ſmiling Roſe! how ſweet
The object where thy beauties meet!
Aurora with a bluſhing ray
And roſy fingers ſpreads the day:
The Graces more enchanting ſhow
When roſy bluſhes paint their ſnow;
And ev'ry pleas'd beholder ſeeks
The Roſe in Cytherea's cheeks.
  When pain afflicts or ſickneſs grieves
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And after death its odours ſhed
A pleaſing fragrance o'er the dead:

And when its with'ring charms decay,
And ſinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, Lyriſt! join to ſing the birth
Of this ſweet offspring of the Earth.
When Venus from the Ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
When warlike Pallas ſprung from Jove
Tremendous to the powr's above,
To grace the world the teeming Earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth;
And "This," ſhe cry'd, "I this ordain
"My fav'rite queen of Flow'rs to reign!"
But firſt th' aſſembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from heav'n they threw
A drop of rich nectareous dew;
A bramble-ſtem the drop receives,
And ſtraight the Roſe adorns the leaves.
The gods to Bacchus gave the Flow'r
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV. GROWN YOUNG.

When ſprightly youths my eyes ſurvey
I too am young and I am gay;
In dance my active body ſwims,
And ſudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haſte, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant roſe!

Hence, hoary Age!—I now am ſtrong,
And dance a youth among the young.
Come then, my Friends! the goblet drain;
Bleſs'd juice!—I feel thee in each vein.
See how with active bounds I ſpring!
How ſtrong and yet how ſweet I ſing!
How bleſt am I who thus excel
In pleaſing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV. THE MARK.

The ſtately ſteed expreſſive bears
A Mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Aſia's ſons the Parthian ſhows;
And Marks betray the lover's heart
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes
That looks too fooliſh or too wiſe.

ODE LVI.

Alas! the pow'rs of life decay;
My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey;
The ſmiling bloom and youthful grace
Is baniſh'd from my faded face.
Thus man beholds with weeping eyes
Himſelf half dead before he dies.
For this and for the grave I fear,
And pour the never-ceaſing tear.
A dreadful proſpect ſtrikes my eye;
I ſoon muſt ſicken, ſoon muſt die!

For this the mournful groan I ſhed,
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can ſtedfaſtly ſurvey
Death and its dark tremendous way?
For ſoon as Fate has clos'd our eyes
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all ſenſeleſs, in the urn;
Never, ah! never, to return!

ODE LXIV. TO APOLLO.

Once more, not uninſpir'd, the ſtring
I waken, and ſpontaneous ſing.
No Pythick laurel-wreath I claim
That lifts Ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
Some god impels, and I obey.
Liſten, ye Groves!—The Muſe prepares
A ſacred ſong in Phrygian airs,
Such as the ſwan expiring ſings
Melodious by Cayſter's ſprings,
While liſt'ning winds in ſilence hear,
And to the gods the muſick bear.
Celeſtial Muſe! attend, and bring
Thy aid while I thy Phœbus ſing:
To Phœbus and the Muſe belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic
Begin, begin, the lofty ſtra
...ebus lov'd but lo
...his guil

With glorious ptide his vows ſhe hears,
And Heav'n, indulgent to her pray'rs,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.
  Ah! how on wings of love convey'd
He flew to claſp the panting maid!
Now, now, o'ertakes!—but Heav'n deceives
His hope—he ſeizes only leaves.
  Why fires my raptur'd breaſt? ah! why?
Ah! whither ſtrives my ſoul to fly?
I feel the pleaſing frenzy ſtrong,
Impulſive to ſome nobler ſong:
Let, let the wanton fancy play,
But guide it leſt it devious ſtray.
But oh! in vain, my Muſe denies
Her aid, a ſlave to lovely eyes.
Suffice it to rehearſe the pains
Of bleeding nymphs and dying ſwains,
Nor dare to wield the ſhafts of Love
That wound the gods and conquer Jove.
  I yield; adieu the lofty ſtrain!
I am Anacreon once again;
Again the melting ſong I play
Attemper'd to the vocal lay.
See! ſee! how with attentive ears
nectar'd airs,
hades reclin'd,
mind.

CONTENTS.

Page
The Life of the Author, 5
Dedication to Lord Townshend, 11
Preface, 14

MISCELLANIES.

Poem on the Seat of War in Flanders, 23
A Dialogue between a Lady and her Lookingglafs, 32
Poverty and Poetry, 33
The Complaint, 36
On the Death of Mr. Elijah Fenton, 42
On the Birthday of a Gentleman when three Years old, 47
On the Birthday of Mr. Robert Trefufis, 50
On a Flower from Belinda's Bofom, 52
On a Mifchievous Woman, 53
The Rofebud, 54
The Coquette, 55
Courage in Love, 56
The Parting, a Song, 58
A Poem on Death, 59
Prologue to Fenton's Mariamne, 65
Conclufion of an Epilogue to Southern's Money the Miftrefs, 67

EPISTLES.

Epiftola ad Amicum, 68
To Mrs. Elizabeth M——t, on her Picture, 71
To Belinda, on her ficknefs and recovery, 73
To Belinda on her embroidered Apron, 75
To Belinda, at the Bath, 76
To the Right Hon. Charles Lord Cornwallis, 77
To the Hon. Mrs. Eliz. Townfhend, afterwards Lady Cornwallis, 80
To Mr. Elijah Fenton, 82
To Mr. Pope on his Works, 88

Page

To Mr. Pope, 91
To a Lady playing with a Snake, 94
To a Lady of thirty, 95
The Widow and Virgin Sisters, 96
To a Gentleman of seventy, 98

PARAPHRASES.

Habbakkuk, Chap. iii. paraphrased, 99
Part of Chaps. xxxviii. and xxxix. of Job paraphrased, 104
Chap. xliii. of Ecclesiasticus paraphrased, 110

PASTORALS.

Daphnis and Lycidas, 116
A Pastoral to a young Lady, 1[illegible]

ODES.

Melancholy, an Ode, 12[illegible]
The Coy, an Ode, 12[illegible]

IMITATIONS.

Part of Iliad X. in Milton's Style, 129
Part of Iliad XI. in Milton's Style, 145
Monf. Maynard imitated, 150
Explication of The Battle between the Gods and Giants, 152

TRANSLATIONS.

The Battle of the Gods and Titans, from Hesiod, 157
The Love of Jason and Medea, from Apollonius Rhodius, 164
The Story of Talus, from Apoll. Rhodius, 17[illegible]
Horace, Ode I. translated, 1[illegible]
Sixteen Odes of Anacreon, 177—1[illegible]

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